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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10 1953

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Coronation Assortment

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on the occasion of the
Coronation of Her Majesty
Queen Elizabeth II



The Watchmakers
of Switzerland
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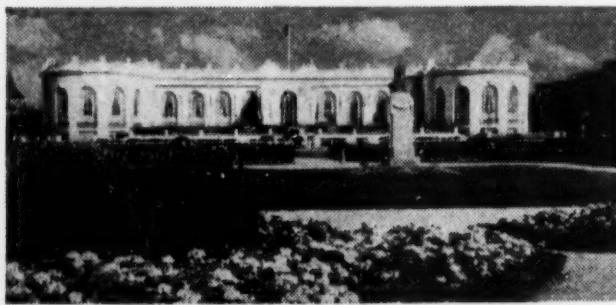
Crampons are in the news

Crampons, an unfamiliar word, and indeed a more unfamiliar sight to the uninitiated, are definitely in the news these days. Those whose sport is to face nature in the raw on steep mountain glaciers, know well the vital use of these pointed ice grips. Did you know that your size in Crampons is in stock at Lillywhites — where you will always find the best equipment in the world for every sport.

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SUNDAY, Aug. 30

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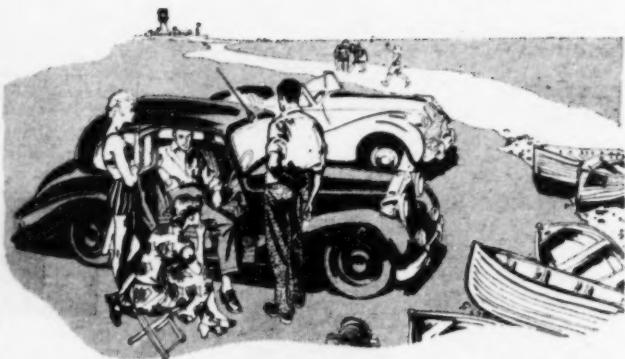
YEARLING SALES

POLO 20 important matches during August.

SUNDAY, Aug. 23

WORLD OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

GRAND GALAS at the Ambassadeurs.



Which family has taken the Test Match to the sea-side?

Of course, it's the one with the aerial on their car—the aerial of an 'H.M.V.' car radio. While the youngsters play their own game of cricket on the sand Father is enjoying the drama of the Test Match, brought vividly to life by the B.B.C. commentators. Wherever they motor, this family with the 'H.M.V.' car radio take with them the major news events of the year—in sport, in entertainment, and (in this

Coronation year especially) in the living history of Britain. Car radio quietens restless journeys, shortens tedious journeys, makes driving pleasanter and safer.* The car radio that the makers of 24 famous British cars exclusively fit and recommend is 'H.M.V.' Why not talk to your Radiomobile dealer about an 'H.M.V.' radio for your car?

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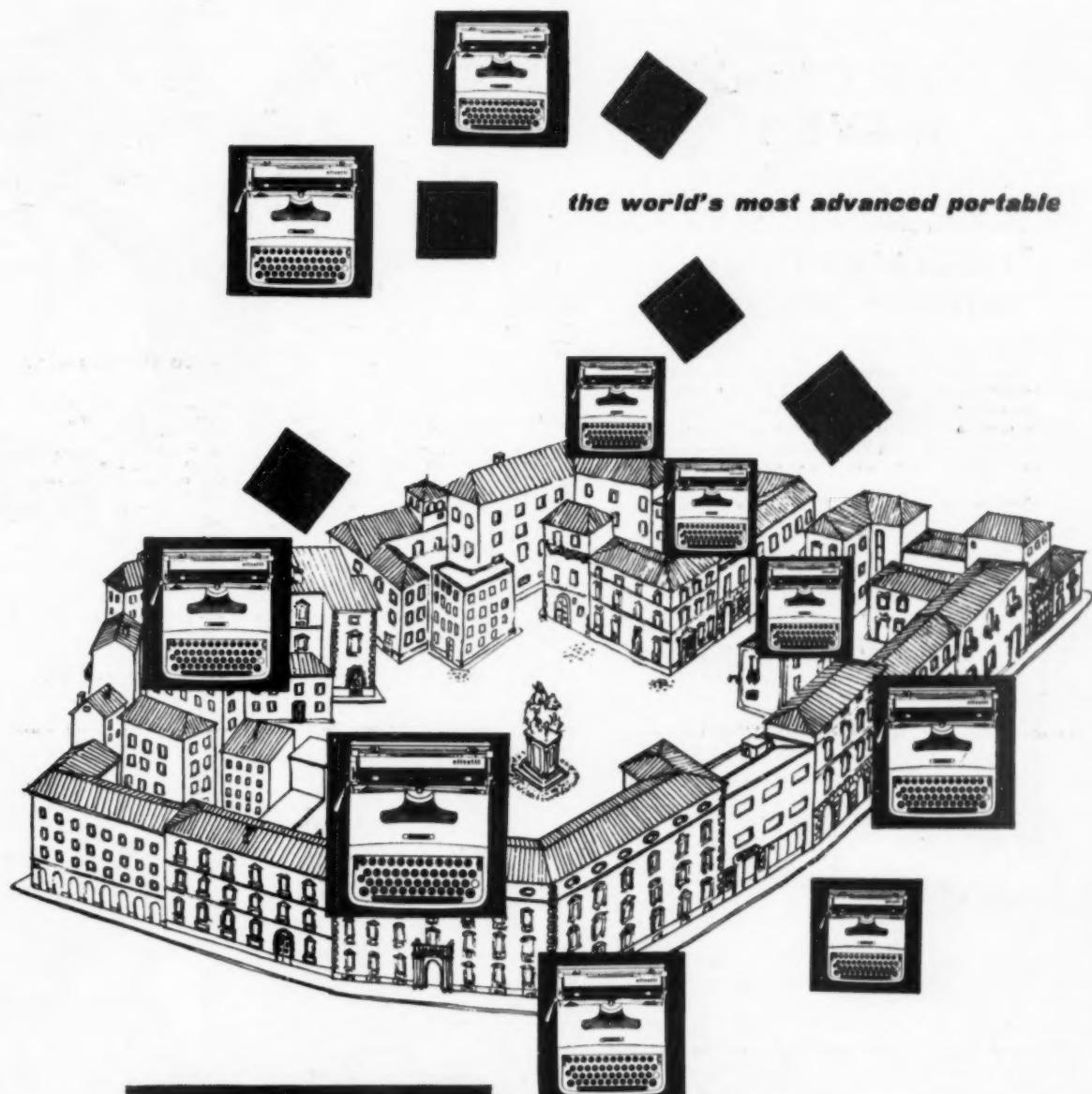
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The sun may shine now, but think back to last Winter—to the cold and discomfort you suffered indoors, to the wastage of warmth and valuable fuel—caused by **DRAUGHTS** and heat-loss in your office or home.

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HE looks for pace, for power, for economy: finds them in the Hereford.

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SPEED FOR YOU! Look at its speed. 80 miles an hour, and this a family car! That isn't just good performance. It's outstanding performance. From the first gentle pressure of your right foot you have real, surging, heady power at your command.

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It gives you a fast getaway. In the city you may need that at traffic lights. It gets you from 30 to 50 m.p.h. in 9 secs. You may want that for overtaking in safety. It takes you up to 60 from go in 22 secs. In a hurry that can be a great help.

**FOR CAR OR DRIVER,
NO FATIGUE** It gives you safe, soft, silent cruising at 65 m.p.h. and it will keep it up from dawn till dark. You will revel in this at the time; you will be deeply grateful for it as you pull in after 300 miles or so.



SHE demands comfort, good looks, safety: likes the Hereford for just these things.

You will know then that it is your Hereford that has been doing all the work.

You will be fresh, uncramped. You will have enjoyed the drive. You will be looking forward to the return trip.

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The gears. Top treats the average gradient as if it weren't a gradient: 1 in 20 easily at 65. 3rd deals gaily with hills of 1 in 6. 2nd will take care of anything else. And there's still 1st!

Austins are really tested: go through more tests-than-make-news than any other make in the world.

Result: the Hereford will take you over mountains, through mud, through blinding sand with as much composure, almost, as it will take you down Piccadilly.

THREE TIMES SAFE You're safe in your Hereford. Three times safe.

Safe because the Hereford hugs the road like a possessive hedgehog; because it corners fast but without sway; because its

LOOK IN Let's look inside. Everywhere, space. On each seat lots of room for three people. And plenty of room for twelve of the longest legs you know.

Those luxuries that come "extra" on other cars are standard in the Austin Hereford. It has thick pile carpets, real leather upholstery, foam-rubber seating. It is unskimped in every way; and the boot will take a mass of luggage.

ALL THIS—AND ECONOMICAL We used the word "remarkable". It is. It's remarkably inexpensive to run. Remarkably fast. Remarkably restful. Remarkably roomy.

Go and see this Hereford at your dealer's. Compare it with any other car in the same price range.

You will spend many happy years with your Hereford, congratulating yourself on your wisdom.



FOR HER, leg-room, luggage-room; all plenty in the Hereford.



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The lively, four-door **A30 SEVEN**; the exhilarating 42 b.h.p.

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ADMISSION 5/-

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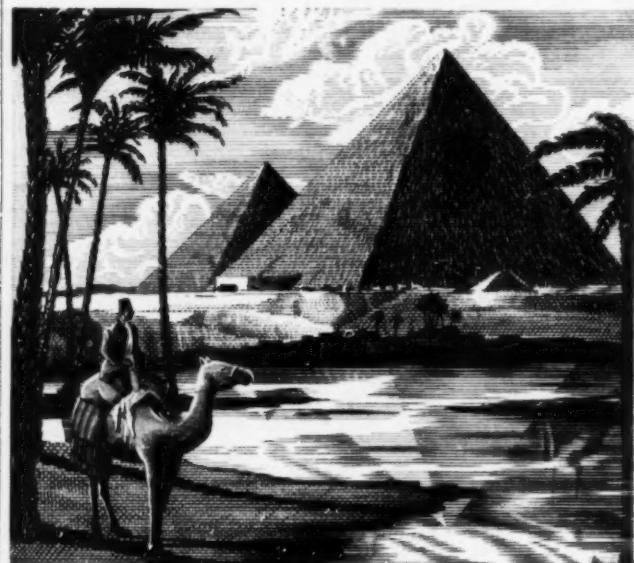
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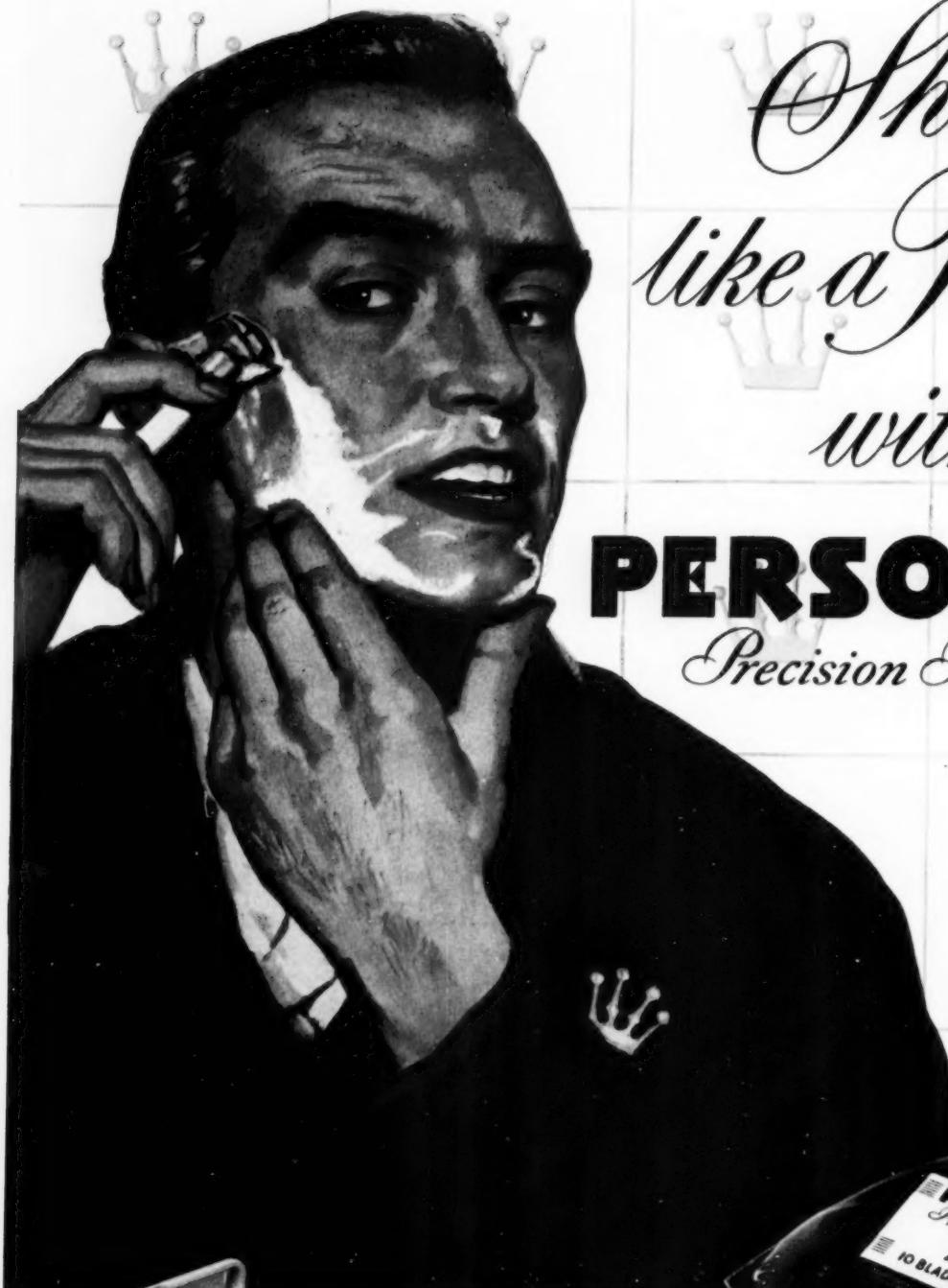


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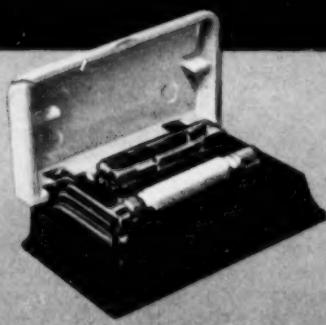
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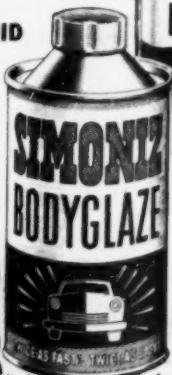
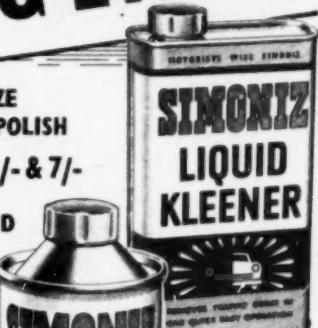
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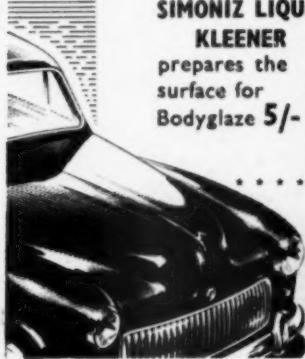
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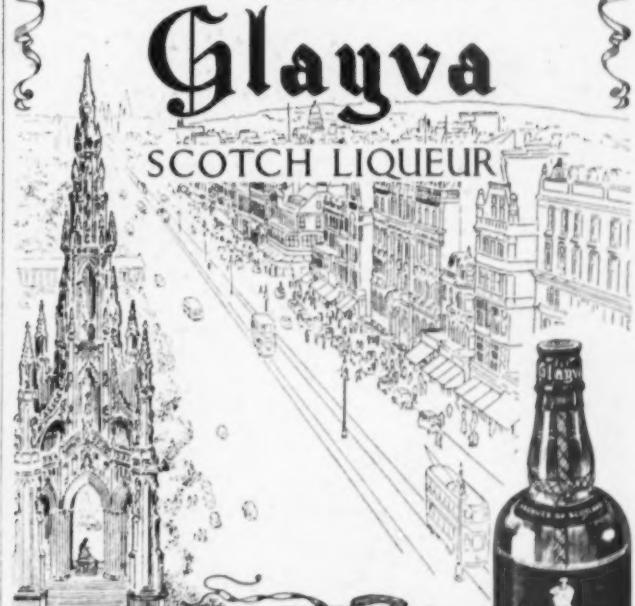
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*"Do you think I might have a
little whisky instead: I should prefer
White Horse if you have it."*



COMMERCIAL television draws nearer. More than forty applications have already been made for licences to operate transmitters; a Government statement on policy is promised in the newly-assembled House; and publicity circles foretell that the inevitable rush to buy time in the new medium will mean disappointment for many of the would-be advertisers. This warning, it is understood, has failed to ruffle the firm lately advertising in the *Daily Telegraph*: "Fall Asleep at Television with the C— Leg Rest."



Portents favourable for world peace come thick and fast from the East. Descriptions of the new Smolenskaya underground station, with its floor of polished granite and an elaborately sculptured frieze embodying the inscriptions "1812" and "1945"—"two memorable dates in our country's victory over an enemy"—make no reference whatever to a space left for a third.

In putting down one evil it is easy to overlook another. Advocates of the abolition of corporal punishment, having won their battle with the cat, must have read with a shock the *Daily Mail* account headed "P.C. Slaps Man With Dog."

No. 31. JANE EYRE, by Charlotte Brontë. What was the mystery of the locked room at Thornfield Hall? This was the problem that faced the lovely young Jane Eyre when she became governess at Thornfield. Sixty-four pages of thrilling pictures. Price 8d." Further education in the English novel is promised in No. 33 of the same series, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, "a dramatic picture-story of life at Rugby School."

Trend

"Have you heard about the first stockings to please the faddists who like to wear their stockings inside out—forty per cent of the women in this country? The new styles are designed to look as though the seam has been reversed—you put them right side on—and they look inside out . . ."—*Daily Express*

"The new 'people's houses' that have been going up on a council estate in Chatham, Kent, have got the people puzzling. The houses are back-to-front. Kitchens, pantries and sheds face the main road . . . and dining-rooms and 'front' rooms look on to the small back-yards . . ."—*Daily Express*

The news that difficulties over the organization of the next Olympic Games have been successfully overcome has been enthusiastically received by all lovers of sport. A new anxiety, however, is being felt for the future of British competitors, after last week's grave reminder by Mr. E. R. L. Powell, of the Northern Counties Amateur Athletic Association, that children competing for prizes in Coronation Day sports would be barred for life from amateur athletics.



At a time when harsh things are being said about juvenile literature it is pleasant to draw public attention to an announcement by the Amalgamated Press: "On Sale Now! Thriller Comics

THE SAYINGS OF TOMKINSON



THE tortoise lives a long time but does not tell us much about it. The elephant never forgets, but then what does he remember? The raven, indeed, talks, but after the first two or three centuries the repetition of "Nevermore" begins to come a little bit monotonous. Even the conversation of M. Molotov suffers by comparison from variety. Of long-lived livestock the parrot by all odds is the most diverting.

The first Coronation which my parrot Tomkinson attended was that of King George IV. Kings have come and gone, Governments risen and fallen, and Tomkinson, handed down from maiden aunt to maiden aunt, has remained with us for a centenary of comment. He is particularly interested in foreign politics.

"What," asks Tomkinson, "does N.A.T.O. mean?"

"The North Atlantic Treaty Organization," I answer.

"Oh," says Tomkinson, "is Turkey in the North Atlantic? I don't believe that Mr. Gladstone thought it was."

"Well, perhaps not exactly," I answer. "But we must be flexible."

"Is Germany in the North Atlantic?" asks Tomkinson.

"Well, nowhere is exactly *in* the North Atlantic," I answer. "The North Atlantic is an ocean."

"Don't be a damned fool," says Tomkinson. "Is Germany in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization?"

"No, she isn't," I answer.

"Why not?" says Tomkinson.

"Because Western Germany has territorial claims in the East and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization is a purely defensive organization," I tell him.

"But is Germany to be in the

European Defence Community?" asks Tomkinson.

"That is the plan," I answer.

"So the European Defence Community is not a defensive organization," says Tomkinson.

"But if we can get a settlement in Eastern Europe, the Prime Minister suggests that we should guarantee the frontiers of Russia and Germany," I explain.

"But I thought that we had already guaranteed the frontiers of Poland, and Poland comes in between Russia and Germany," says Tomkinson. "So if we keep our guarantee to Poland there won't be any Russo-German frontier to guarantee."

"We might guarantee our own guarantee," I say. "That would give confidence."

"The French don't seem to like it very much," says Tomkinson. "I remember when I was a young parrot talking to Louis Philippe and saying that it would be much better if Great Britain kept out of all those things. Fifty years later Lord Salisbury told me that he quite agreed with me."

"But we can't be isolationist," I argue.

"Sez you," says Tomkinson. "We asked the French to join the European Defence Community because, we said, a Germany re-armed within the European Defence Community would not have a Wehrmacht and would not be able to pursue an independent aggressive policy. Is not that right?"

"Yes, that's right," I answer.

"But if the Germans cannot pursue an aggressive policy, what is the point of guaranteeing Russia against German aggression?"

"We want to reassure the Russians," I say.

"But mightn't the Germans say 'If we aren't going to be allowed to attack the Russians, then we will attack somebody else instead'?" says Tomkinson.

"They might," I admit.

"Do you expect the French to like that very much?" asks Tomkinson.

"I don't know," I say.

"And what about the Americans?" asks Tomkinson.

"What about them?" I ask.

"Are they going to be in this Locarno Pact or not?" asks Tomkinson.

"I'm not quite sure," I answer.

"What frontiers in Eastern Europe are going to be guaranteed?" asks Tomkinson. "What would happen if we guaranteed one frontier and the Americans guaranteed another? Would not that be very confusing?"

"Very confusing indeed," I agree. "But we should have to settle that with Mr. Dulles." To humour him I added: "Pretty polly, pretty polly."

"Pretty polly, my foot," says Tomkinson.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

* * *

"Do they think we have all forgotten the ravages wrought on defenceless Indian peoples by the atrocities committed at the time of the . . . Black Hole of Calcutta . . . ?"

Mr. Harry Pollitt in the Daily Worker
Certainly not. It's just that memory plays tricks.

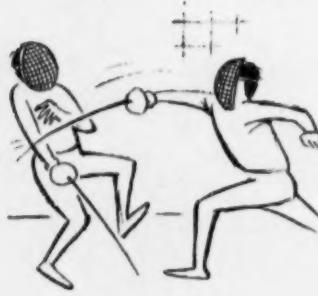
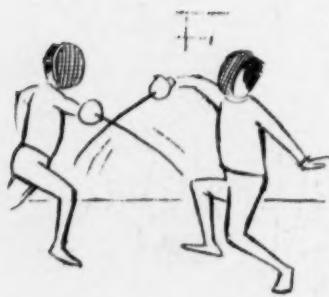
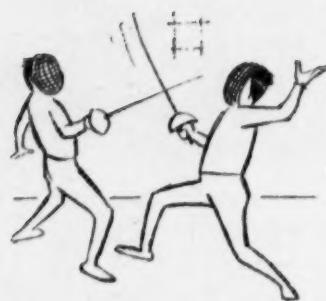




THE THIRD MAN

Night-Thoughts from a Day-Bed

by
CYR*L C*NN*LLY



MOST of the articles that follow are reprinted from *Perimeter*, the only magazine of its kind that has ever appeared, or is ever likely to appear. I wish to express my indebtedness to those writers who answered our questionnaire: "How much money have you got, how much of it was earned on *Perimeter*, and how much more would you like to have?" This material is to be found collected together at pp. 47-193. Its lesson is more than ever paramount. Those who were kind enough to send gifts during our days of florescence are reminded that these can still be forwarded c/o the bank named at the end of this volume. Presents should be dispatched, carriage paid, in non-returnable wooden cases containing units of a dozen. Single bottles may also be left, securely packed and clearly addressed, c/o the publishers.

* * * * *

figurine to his public. Already the chill gales from Vienna can be felt whistling through the Brenner, bringing their Freudian message, as we shuffle along the deserted Bloomsbury streets, toes through patched goloshes, long pants darned with unmatched wool. *Par delicatesse j'ai perdu ma jeunesse.*

* * * * *

It was different in June, 1944:

DEAR GALAHAD,—When I first heard how you had been parachuted into Lapérouse during the last days of the German occupation of Paris I was told that you had fought your way out. But I did not know that you carried away with you two bottles of Château Pichon-Longueville-Lalande, Pauillac, 1929, and a 10-lb. amphora of pâté de foie gras. Nor did I know then that these were presents for me. Later, when you came to London to receive the second bar to your V.C., and we dined together, you never reproached me for drinking both bottles, and eating all the foie gras, when you had momentarily left the table to wash your hands. We shall meet again when you bring me the Rocquefort you captured and put in a cage; and once more I shall feel guilty.

* * * * *

1945. I have been given some votes to use by several of our readers who think my opinion best and I am going to use them for Labour. *Perimeter* is non-political,



in spite of numbering among its readers several M.P.s, an ambassador or two, and a permanent under-secretary to the Board of Trade. Labour has not done anything to help *Perimeter* yet, but Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevin have faces of the right kind. They may now have a chance to show their metal. Free Algerian for all editors of literary magazines would be a good start, by way of marking interest in the Arts; and, as the wine situation improved, a move might be made towards less astringent vintages.

* * * * *

Tramping one behind the other, elephants trunk-linked-to-tail, we move towards the sunset. *Angst* is my mahout.

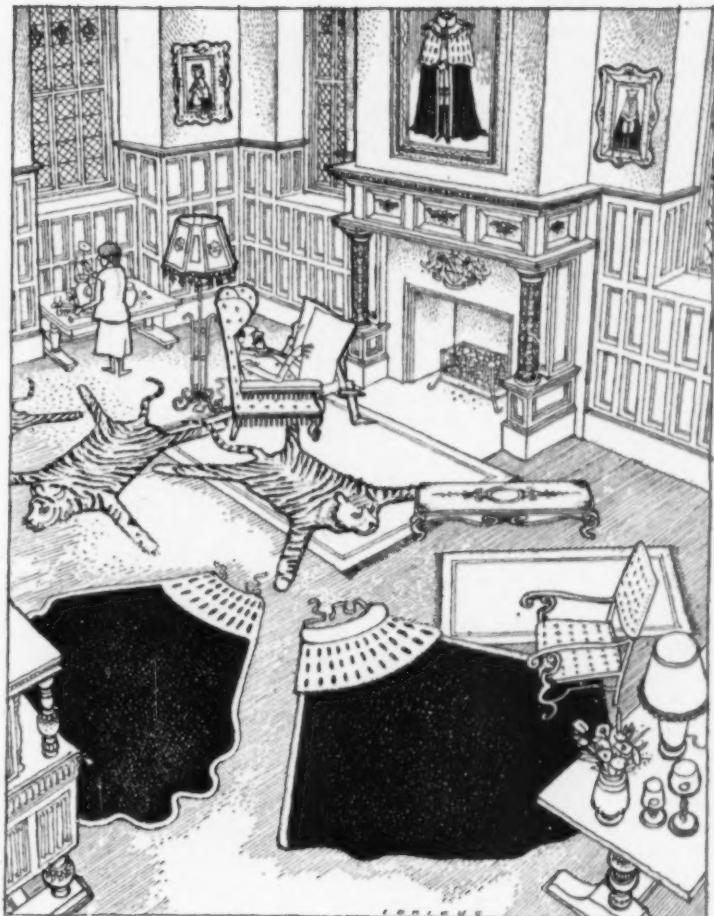
Ja bede palil podczas gdy pan piszesz listy. How often on the way home to my terminary, I find myself thinking I will put those words into practice. Perhaps it is true that

Minha lanterna precisa d'uma torcida nova.

Anyway, Sainte-Beuve says somewhere that poetry and eloquence are never found in those totally destitute of that richness of the senses which is the body's organ of expression. How can English writers have any richness of the senses when many of them do not know the difference between a café and a cafeteria?

* * * * *

1947. The fact is that the Socialist Government has betrayed the writer; especially the "engaged" writer. The Goncourts relate that Turgenev once went in六十 to dinner. Even with that place the Russian novelist would have been well ahead of the editor of *Perimeter* the other night at the party given by the Minister of Superdiction. No new talent has come to birth in this country under Labour rule. What novel on this side of the Atlantic can be seriously considered beside a work like *Save Me the Bebop?* The Golden Age that seemed about to break in 1945 has turned into a mere scrimmage in the fish queue. Meanwhile the circulation of *Perimeter* shows no improvement. The steep rise in income tax



has had the direct effect of reducing postal orders sent as a mark of affection to the editor.

* * * * *

Fortunately my vein of stoicism still allows me to dip into the classics. When Demetrius besieged Rhodes he refused to set fire to a part of the city which might have made him master of the whole, because he knew that Protogenes, the painter, was working in that quarter. When the town was taken Protogenes was found finishing a picture. The conqueror asked why he showed no more concern at the general calamity. He replied: "Demetrius makes war against the Rhodians, not against the fine arts." How many V.I.P.s of to-day could say the same? They would be more like Mnasilus, that youth who

assisted Chromis to tie the old Silenus, whom they found asleep in a cave. The moral is, don't go to sleep in caves, I suppose. In fact, one way and another, looking round at our contemporaries, we must ponder the ambivalent lament attributed to Petronius, that disinterested Roman clubman:

Mater amica est optima pueri.

ANTHONY POWELL

2 2

"For every young fool who enters a monastery because of a woman—for every middle-aged buffoon who blows his brains out—thousand women (young or middle-aged) take the far more sensible course of drying their ears . . ."

Oxford Mail

Unjust. They're really stopping them against the sound of the shot.

Senator McCarthy McCarthyized

THE following transcript of the proceedings of a Congressional investigating committee was produced by a recent visitor to the United States. It will be noted that the habitual rôle of Senator McCarthy is reversed. Instead of interrogating he is being interrogated. On the other hand, the questions put to him are so pointed, and the Senator's answers are so fumbling, that the proceedings described are by no means implausible.

In any case, their publication here may serve as an inducement to that alert body, the Un-American Activities Committee, to crown its labours by investigating the possibility of Senator McCarthy being himself an under-cover Communist who has cunningly adopted the pose of the great chastiser of Communism in order the more effectively to promote the Communist cause. It should be added that this is at present no more than a plausible hypothesis. Nothing has been proved one way or the other.

If the Senator is, indeed, a card-carrying Communist, the Federal Bureau of Investigation has not so far produced any concrete evidence to that effect. Nor, it is only fair to add, has his name up to now been mentioned by Elizabeth Bentley or Whittaker Chambers; or even by Mr. Budenz. It is, however, an irrefutable fact, supported by a great body of circumstantial evidence, that the effect of the Senator's activities has been notably to serve the cause of Communism both in the United States, and, still more, in Western Europe and Asia.

For those who have not been fortunate enough to witness a public committee hearing on Capitol Hill, some brief account of the scene presented may be helpful. Imagine, then, a smallish room, with the members of the investigating committee seated upon a kind of dais, each with a microphone before him. The Chairman or Acting Chairman is in the centre.

or THE BITER BIT



At another table are seated the Committee's counsel or legal advisers, among them, perhaps, the watchful Mr. Cohn, the astute Mr. Schine. Then, in front of the main table, sits, or stands, the individual to be interrogated: in this case the Senator from Wisconsin himself.

The rest of the room is filled with the public, including usually a number of fashionably dressed ladies. The front row of the public seats are reserved for reporters, who scribble busily, and, at dramatic moments, rush in and out with copy in their hands. In the no-man's-land between the Committee and the Press the photographers operate,

kneeling, and engaging in other gymnastics, to get good shots, and occasionally performing astonishing feats in the way of hanging from chandeliers, and otherwise disporting themselves.

Soon the floor becomes littered with used bulbs, whose flashes punctuate the proceedings throughout. Broadcasters are speaking into microphones in odd corners; walkie-talkie and peepie-creepie men are on the prowl, and probably the whole show is being televised, necessitating arc lights and a good deal of complicated apparatus about the place.

* * * * *

CHAIRMAN. Well, Senator, picking up our questioning where we left off yesterday, you will admit, I take it, that when you defeated the late Senator Robert La Follette in the Wisconsin primaries in 1946, you had the support of the Communist and fellow-traveller vote?

SENATOR McCARTHY. What of it? As I said at the time, Communists have votes, don't they?

CHAIRMAN. Please answer the question, Senator. Did you have the support of the Communist and fellow-traveller vote against La Follette?

SENATOR McCARTHY. I believe so.

CHAIRMAN. Right. Now would you also agree that La Follette, whom you defeated with the aid of this vote, though holding strong liberal views, was intensely anti-Communist, long before you or most other professed anti-Communists of to-day thought of taking up such a position?

SENATOR McCARTHY. I'm not familiar with the late Senator's record.

CHAIRMAN. It's not within your knowledge, then, that he was one of the very few members of the Senate to see, in advance, the appalling dangers of the mood in which President Roosevelt approached the Yalta Conference, to the point that he actually went to

see the President before he left for Yalta to plead with him to take a tougher and more realistic attitude towards the Russians?

SENATOR McCARTHY. No, it's not.

CHAIRMAN. You see what I'm getting at, though, don't you, Senator—that the Communists and fellow-travellers in Wisconsin had very good reasons for wanting to oust La Follette out of the Senate and you in, and were delighted when you succeeded?

SENATOR McCARTHY (*banging the table, thereby stimulating a new burst of energy on the part of the photographers*). If that is so, they've had every reason subsequently to regret it.

CHAIRMAN. Are you so sure?

SENATOR McCARTHY. I'd like to read into the record a resolution passed by the American Communist Party published in the *Daily Worker* to the effect that Senator Joseph McCarthy is one of the bitterest and most unrelenting foes of Communism . . .

CHAIRMAN. You can read anything you like into the record, Senator, but did you help to draft the resolution?

SENATOR McCARTHY. Did I help . . . that's ridiculous. We're both grown up, aren't we?

CHAIRMAN. Answer the question.

SENATOR McCARTHY. No, I didn't.

CHAIRMAN. Now another question. Have you got any present or former Communists on your staff?

SENATOR McCARTHY. I . . .

CHAIRMAN. The question, Senator.

SENATOR McCARTHY. My staff has been carefully selected and screened . . .

CHAIRMAN. What we want to know is whether there are any present or former Communists among them.

(*A pause*)

SENATOR McCARTHY. Two former Communists who . . .

CHAIRMAN. Good. For the record, the Senator employs two former Communists. He was elected in Wisconsin with Communist and fellow-traveller support. He denies

being as of now a member of the Communist Party, but it is a matter of public knowledge that his activities since he became a Senator have greatly benefited the cause of Communism here in the United States and abroad. Furthermore, it can be said with certainty that, if he were an under-cover party member, chosen for that reason to oust La Follette (particularly dangerous, from the Communist point of view, because a progressive himself, and bearing a name famous among progressives, and at the same time intensely and knowledgeably anti-Communist), everything he has done and said subsequently would support such an hypothesis.

(*Senator McCarthy begins to expostulate violently, again lavishly photographed the while.*)

CHAIRMAN. You'll have every opportunity, Senator, to rebut these grave charges. The session is now suspended.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

2 2

"A pair of special spectacles for the viewing of 3-D films will be provided upon presentation of the coupon attached to each admission ticket. These spectacles are the property of the theatre and attendants will collect them before the start of the show."—*Hongkong Standard*
You can say you've seen them, anyway.



"No thanks. I never touch the stuff."

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE

THE Guillebaud Committee that has been appointed to inquire into the cost and organization of the National Health Service will probably serve the doctors with a long-familiar reprimand. "And pray, sir, what drug would you exhibit for this condition?" I was asked of a woman with headache by my surgical teacher, old Blood and Thunder. "Oh, I should think a couple of tablets of 'Decapitex' would be sufficient," I replied. "Wretch!" he cried. "Duke of the scoundrels in the City and their lackeys in Grub Street! Never prescribe a proprietary medicine, sir!—take it out of the *Pharmacopæia*. It won't come wrapped up like a box of chocolates, but it costs the hospital a damn sight less."



I managed to remember scraps of the *British Pharmacopæia* until my finals, for a trade-name written in an examination answer might mean failure, but my official instruction in *materia medica* was buried under the rush of envelopes from drug manufacturers as soon as my name appeared in the *Medical Register*. A sudden increase in the post is the most surprising effect of qualification: as a medical student I received only a moralizing letter from an aunt twice a year and circulars offering cash for second-hand microscopes, but as a doctor I found strangers every morning eager to lend me money, hire me cars, make me suits, sell me houses and insure my previously insignificant life.

These letters were diluted by

the daily batch from the drug companies, indicating the pharmaceutical properties of their products more entertainingly than the small dry print of the *Pharmacopæia*. Here is a baby, black in the face, white at the lips, in *extremis* to the dullest medical student; there the doctor, grave but confident. What should he prescribe? Why, "Infantizide" of course! See the baby now, pink all over and playing with bricks. All on the back of a useful piece of blotting paper too.

When next searching for the correct pharmacopeial drug for the condition, I can therefore think only of "Infantizide," and submissively jot it down on the prescription pad because there are thirty people in the waiting-room and the telephone has already been ringing for five minutes. This costs the Government 120 million pounds a year, and wins me a handsome leather-bound diary at Christmas from the prospering manufacturers.

Advertisements for drugs in the medical journals are wholly different from the ones that startle the public in the daily papers. They are politely and calmly brow-beating, like an over-knowledgeable ward sister. "All doctors," one begins, "who are familiar with the recent work on the antigenic structure of the common cold virus through the electronic microscope by Splatz, Hennessy, DuPré, and Whinnery will be eager to prescribe 'Ague'." The practitioner who never has time even to read his morning newspaper naturally scribbles "Ague" guiltily on his prescriptions all winter, though he privately holds to his opinion that colds are due to getting wet feet.

The art of prescribing is dying in the medical profession like the art of leeching, since mixtures are dispensed by the ton from the manufacturing chemist's laboratory and a physician can now treat an illness with one drug that works instead of a dozen that don't. But the patient who carried away an envelope from Harley Street thirty years ago felt he had his guineas'



worth. A prescription was then written with the rigid formalism of a sonnet. First came the Supercription, the sweeping B demanding attention for the Inscription—a blunderbuss of drugs, *Basis*, *Ajuwana*, *Corrigens*, *Constituens*, each name in a careful genitive. Then the Subscription, *Fiat mistura*, *Signetur 3as ex aqua post cibum ter in die*, reading with the roll of a benediction. In those days drugs were made up in *Confectiones* with sugar, *Mellæ* with purified honey, and *Vinæ* with sherry, and every home was assumed to have a wineglass; but now they are christened on the laboratory bench, crushed into tablets, and prescribed on a Government form in a spatter of abbreviations.

To the newly qualified doctor the leading advantage of proprietary drugs is that you don't have to remember the dose. The apothecary's and metric systems battle across the pages of British pharmacology books, for old drugs are prescribed in grains, minimis, and drachms, and new ones in grams and millilitres. This sharpens the unpleasantness of nights before the finals for the medical student, who has to mug up a list of doses from acacia to zingiber; but he can later safely prescribe proprietary drugs in doses of "one tablet" or injections of "one ampoule," and escape the strain of wondering afterwards if the dose of strychnine is really three grains, three milligrams, three grams, or three drachms.

Doctors have been nagged over prescribing since the beginning of the National Health Service, but even Mr. Bevan's scoldings compare poorly with similar strictures in medical school. "What would you prescribe for this old gentleman, sir?" Blood and Thunder asked me one day. "I think his condition is an indication for the glycosides of digitalis and the alkaloids of opium, sir," I replied proudly. "Nonsense!" he barked. "What you mean, me lad, is you'd give him the benefit of the sprightly foxglove and take the edge off it with the soothing syrup of the poppy."

RICHARD GORDON

The New Elizabethans

What, is my Beaver easier than it was?



Bold Hawkins showed the British flag in Good Queen Bess's reign
By running hijacked blackamoors across the Spanish Main.
And still the Caribbean pays a tribute hardly less
As the boss in far Jamaica boasts the Empire in the press.

B. A. Y.

HARRUH for yptists, little rays of sunlight in our offices, sometimes too quite big, scattering shafts of opetry upon the pages of our baring subiness letters, elgders and cacounts books too, until the day they're fried for omesthing by the bass.

"Dear Sor ir Daman,"—such artifacts of purest Araby they cook up cooped in dark debtisitors everywhere from Lolloway to Potney Hath. Soncerly yours!—the little witches broil it round their sag-rings in the night and hardly wait till dawn to hurry to their desks to ypt it down on paper—when we're soncered well and truly for the day.

"Urs of the 2dn olt"—there's a Chaldeesan job if ever, never a tremor upon their paker-faces, whether a kneebound blondaykin or those the others, smothered with deaf-aids, telephones of hair about their hidden ears, smelling of seed

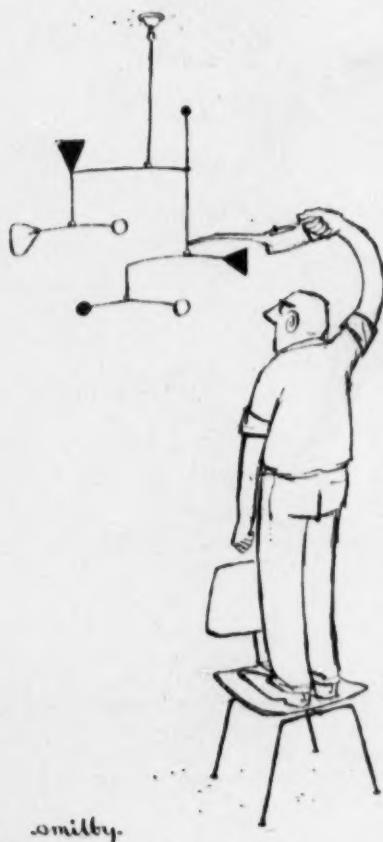
HARRUH FOR YPTISTS

cake, hair-tongs and enamel, mammals ordained but never to be unfrocked.

O snoozing in our inner sancta, taking our forty winks against the drinks we had the night before—life is all right, the world's all well to know that past the door sits curled upon her chair this guardian angimal, moon-beast of mystery wrapped in woools of various hue, scarf over cardigan, slipover pulled over jumper underneath, vest upon vest upon vest ensheathing till the innermath against the secret skin, beauty enshrouded yet again we like to think with an old swim-suit, proof against all and prop of last propriety.

Slowly she stirs, our waiting woolen beast, and ypts "We duly deceived" upon her sheet of paper, slowly she stirs the ate that mulcts her every other hour, beigely that brew upon a bluetit ring of sag, and smelling of cake-crumbs, dandruff, nard and yards of muslin lullabies the air upon the telephone, her sheepskin voice recounting through the gate, our door, in drowsaby delight: "I said to her, I said, I said," until the City sunset fades to night, the hour that maiden yptists all do spritely gather up their gussets and depart to sit in bed and cook up opetry to start our startled day.

They with their eerie phones about their wig and ears! But others do it too, the blondaykins a-smell of nylon, love and chlorilimed bikini, they do the same! Picking up swagger-satchel all ahem astitch they yawn their two-way stretch and issue out to pretty up a palais, flims these filmies see, but pretty soon they leave, their pretty heads to sit in beds and opt up cookery, the witchy crafty ones—they smell of acetate and lipstuck, silver eyes among their ambercurls, and with what undenyng cheer though knucklebear us basses all intone to honour them:



"All good men should come to the aid of the praty!"

And so they should indeed! The pretty praties come from dear old Ireland, skirlie Scotland tae, Welch Wales amilk with human deed-to-goodness come to that . . . who is the man who'd not devour his trilby hat for one of these? An English Rose a-nose with smells of blushes, nacre, powder-puffs and tennis-balls—where would we be without them, Lord let's laud the loveykins and all they opt about them, where would our subiness letters ba without them?

I'll tell you where they'd ba. Jam on your black and hark you back to those drear winter days when yptists all go down with ulf. Saddy the pall that rusts upon the office! Gladly the Saturday that sees us off! Is any letter quite the same? The names of correspondents co-respond with what they are, despondent bowlerboys attempt to mar what's what upon their *sheets of paper*—smelling of worsted, wine and ear-wax, smelling of facts and portly figures, working themselves like white-faced niggers, no fun no more, no more sun and games.

Until the ulf is up! Then back they stream, a praty-coloured dream of comas and of colons semied to a t. Mark well the way the kettle steams, the phone to phoney ears responds, the acetate despondency to "Late again?"—for all the while they've sat up in their debs, their heads a-ring-a-ring with sag-dreams—and it's in the bag! An ulfly fortnight's worth! . . . "We now inclose a stotement" . . . "regretfully uniform you" . . . "Father to our litter of . . ."

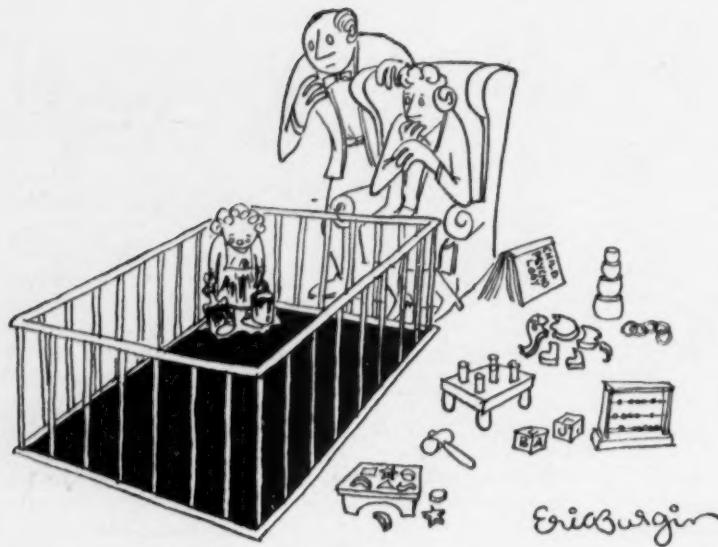
High courage! Lose their bojs? None of them to care! They'll off and lodge them elsewhere! All is fair in vole and raw—and for old trilbyboy there'll be another sitting by his frosty door.

So let us laud them all, applaud them high in unison, cry their unique song to the sky in humble-knee obeisance.

"The quack red fix jimped over the lozy brown dag, the quock rud fix jamped over the lizy brown dug, the queck rod . . ."

WILLIAM SANSON





FOR THE RECORD

THIS being the Century of the Common Peer, one such, from the Paddington district, records for the benefit of an indifferent posterity his impressions of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth the Second. Owing to the survival of an ancient superstition that the Inner Circle begins south of the Park, the train provided to convey his kind, underground to Westminster, started only from High Street, Kensington. Thus, on a typical English June morning, with rain-clouds scudding across a cool grey sky, he set off to traverse its less noble segment unattended, his coronet packed insecurely in a cardboard box.

Reaching the right half of the Circle he changed into a train of gleaming silver, gave up a ticket which the Lord Chamberlain, or someone, had granted him in return for a tenpenny postal order, and found himself in the company of ladies in wraps and tiaras, with the harassed air of those who straggle home with the dawn; of gentlemen walking gingerly, in buckled shoes, with velvet breeches emerging beneath their raincoats, and even one with a topee on top of his head. It was a non-stop train, which thus stopped only in the tunnels,

completing the journey in just under twenty-five minutes.

Other peers, less common, travelled to the Abbey by other means: a Labour baron, democratically, in an open Rolls, that the People might see him in his finery; a duke and a marquess in family coaches, the horses of the marquess galloping roughshod over protocol to overtake the ducal equipage half-way down the straight of Whitehall.

In Paddington the popular We, with vulgar exuberance, flaunted flags and bunting of raw primary colours, royal blues and pillar-box reds, and plastered everything in sight with gold; while farther east were streets of houses painted red-white-and-blue, and ladies dressed wholly in Union Jacks. Here, in and around Whitehall, the governmental They preferred the pastel refinement—the Wykehamical good taste—of Eccles blue and Eccles green, Eccles yellow and Eccles mauve. But inside the Abbey the royal We backed up the popular, commanding Them to display an uninhibited brilliance of scarlets and crimson, golds and emeralds and ultramarines.

Here, admitted in convoy by Gold Sticks-in-Waiting, a bank of crimson peers confronted a bank of

crimson peeresses, devoting an hour or so, before the service began, to the innocent pastime of spotting-the-duchess. Ten of them blazed in a row, with little small-talk for one another: a Bench fit to daunt the most hardened offender. Which is which? Take your pick: the glamorous one, the masculine one, the one with all the jewels, the one who has been robbed of them, the one who has stolen a march on the rest with a décolleté robe, worn before, at some Georgian coronation, so passed by the Earl Marshal for this one.

There were intervals of release by a side door, to take the air and other refreshments, when a Pride of Peers disported itself in Old Palace Yard. One provided the crowds with a laughable spectacle as he lifted his robes and flung them over his head, huddling for warmth. The robe of another billowed flimsily behind him: clearly his peeress's robe, though the peeress wearing his could not be identified. In Westminster Hall children—and indeed an adult or two—came to stroke the peers as they drank their champagne, half-bottle men, at an Eccles bar: an attention which seemed in no way to surprise or embarrass them.

Peeresses too had a side door,



"And stop calling them 'Gentlemen from the Antipodes.' I'm not scared!"

but each time one of them rustled discreetly through it there was a soft screech of rending velvet, followed by a sharp little cry of despair. A Gold Screw-Driver-in-Waiting was urgently summoned, and, fishing for an instrument in his tail-coat pocket, removed a hostile screw from the wall.

With the March of Progress posterity will no doubt see a rationalized Coronation service. The Crown will be manufactured from the latest plastic materials, thus relieving the Monarch's head from the unnecessary weight of jewels. The Gold Sticks will be convertible into "coshes." Television screens will be provided in the Abbey itself for those who cannot see, or the whole performance will be transferred to some appropriate super-cinema, with the lighting already laid on. There will be lots of hustle and bustle, and the tempo of the whole affair will be speeded up to fit in with normal civilized life.

In the contemporary version it proceeded, hour after hour, with a dignity and a slowness and an unprofessional assurance which would have exasperated Mr. Cecil B. deMille. The participants swam through their parts. No wheels could be seen going round. No hitch occurred to divert the spectators. No peer, doing homage, tripped backwards down the steps of the Throne, though the Cock o' the North, used to the kilt, managed his skirts better than most.

When the service was over peers and peeresses crossed to the House of Lords, where they ate at a buffet and conversed after the manner of the nobility:

"Who's the lovely dressed like Eleanor of Aquitaine?"

"You know. That girl from 'The Miracle.' Duff What's-his-Name's wife . . ."

"Is that a peer or a waiter?"

"Looks like a waiter."

"Must be a peer. He called me Henry. . . ."

"If you spin round quickly, so, it swirls out like a ballet dancer's. Rather fun."

After which, all went home to hear about the service from the TV viewers.

KINROSS



*"This year," he said, "we'll just pile into the car
and when we feel like stopping, we'll stop."*

WIND, NORTHERLY, FRESH OR STRONG

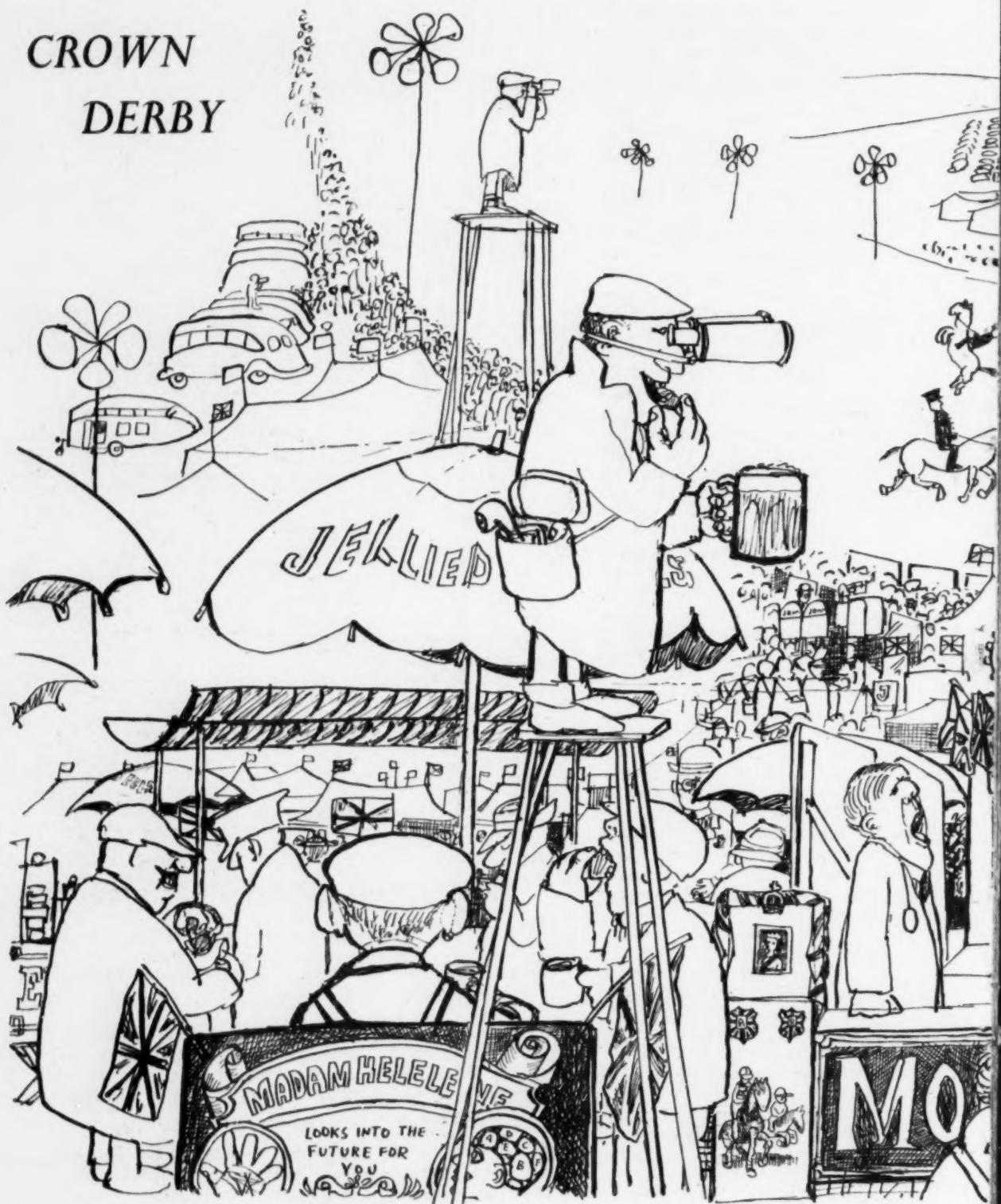
SPLENDID and unseasonable wind of winter in high summer,
Laying a cold greyness of cloud upon the June green,
Bending the bedecked counties, breaking Coronation arches,
Venting on the length of England a dark spleen:

Nevertheless you have done the honours in a backhand fashion,
Intensifying twenty splendours for one such blown to rags,
Steeping in unstable brilliance the flummery of gold and tinsel,
Flattering bedizened buildings with a flame-like flickering
of flags;

But above all giving the English, resolute in self-affliction,
Something to take a pride in, as the mark of a peculiar grace,
The worst weather in the world making, for an English reason,
The most reliable race.

P. M. HUBBARD

CROWN DERBY





Over the Hedge

"GOOD heavens—Candide! Is it really you?"
"None other."

"And still, I see, cultivating your garden."

"Yes, I'm afraid I've rather lived on that last line of Voltaire's. But think what a splendid opening it will make for the sequel—should that ever be written. 'He was cultivating his garden when the first atom bomb fell.'"

"First and last sentence, it seems to me."

"Not necessarily. The second might read: 'It deprived him of both legs, one arm, and an eye; but soon, with the aid of a couple of sticks and a hook, he was going about his business among men.'"

"Admirable! But what brought you to England?"

"Oh, the usual thing: like everyone else I'd fought in too many wars, on too many sides. When it was all over, and I had collected sundry decorations including an Iron Cross and the Order of the Golden Giraffe, I looked for the new world in Russia, where first I swept streets, and then was

entrusted with the task of rewriting the history of Bulgaria. This led to my arrest, on the charge of infringing truth. I was transferred to the salt-mines. Every morning we would set to with smiles, work being, as it was said, the joy of life. So it went on for four years."

"My poor Candide, how you must have suffered!"

"Then one day I pointed to one of our guards and said 'This gloomy man, who has never worked in his life, is paid fifty times more than we.' In the general confusion I slipped off, and after many adventures made my way to America. We steamed into New York harbour in the dawn. With what delight did I watch the sun rise on the Statue of Liberty! All day I walked about the streets, the tall streets, head in the air, and at evening came on a patriot addressing a crowd. Everyone, he was insisting, should be examined for his opinions, free of charge, as he would be for tuberculosis or cancer, and so the State would enjoy permanent good health. 'Wonderful,' I exclaimed to the man standing beside me, 'are the ways of God's own country!' He put me under arrest—to save me, as he said, from the attentions of the crowd—and I was carried off to Ellis Island, where through the bars I enjoyed an excellent view of that same Lady of Liberty, with her back to me.

"I made friends with a Chinaman, who had raised an enormous family in Minneapolis but could not disguise the fact that he was Chinese, and when our deportation orders came through we struck out for Plymouth in a rowing-boat with which an Englishman had set his mind on crossing the Atlantic. During that voyage, which was not without adventure, we enjoyed such freedom of conscience as I have never known before or since; and in fact as soon as we sighted land the Englishman wished to go on and encircle the globe. My friend and I, thanking him, swam ashore,

just in time to appear as wrecked Spaniards in a pageant; Drake was finishing his game of bowls, and all the town was there, with pipers and the Mayor disporting himself among bathing girls: as jolly a reception as you could imagine. And so I settled in England; where I am known, by the way, as Mr. White. But enough of these trifles, what do you think of my magnolia?"

"Exquisite. Tell me, though—"

"It's lemon-scented. My ideal, of course, is the herbaceous border—what do we not owe to Robinson?—with bearded peonies, dog flax, giant urticaria. And roses: these are white Damask and yellow-purple Tuscany. Did you go to the Chelsea Flower Show?"

"I was taken."

"My Boguljubovs won a prize: a third, there was strong competition. But did you ever see such an efflorescence? What gorgeousness—what wealth! The streets of El Dorado were nothing to it."

"Perhaps; but—"

"But, you would say, the simple old-fashioned blooms are best? Nothing, I agree, could be more charming than—look at them!—those two cabbage-whites executing their *pas de deux*, wavy-papery over the foxgloves. And wallflowers! But at the ball they mustn't be all wallflowers. . . . My roses need a little watering—ah, the roses and raptures, as your poet says, of Noisettiana—"

"Answer me, I beg, one thing. In your unrivalled experience of the world, of many ages and many climes, do you find humanity to-day worse or better?"

"How can you ask! Why in the Westphalia of my childhood—delightful and instructive though that was—we were heathens: no one had so much as heard of Pentstemon!"

"Possibly. But mankind itself, with its wars, its Hitlers and Stalins, its atom bombs—"

"No shadows without light."



"... it was the same last year — nothing but cricket commentaries, cricket commentaries, cricket commentaries . . . "

"You believe that? Then I suspect you have been talking to Pangloss. By the way, how is the old gentleman?"

"My poor master?—a mere shadow of himself: you may see him any Sunday afternoon addressing the crowd in Hyde Park."

"All, however, is for the best?"

"Naturally; though of late he has been much fired by possibilities of travel to Mars or Venus."

"I should have thought his experience of the last, at any rate, already sufficient."

"It's our duty, he argues, to enjoy the best of all possible universes."

"His destiny was always to travel far. And how is Cunéger—er, Mrs. White?"

"Remarkably well. She keeps to her bed, thus conserving her energies—"

"Another philosophy!"

"—and her hearing has grown very acute."

"Then I'll whisper."

"There's no need; so long as she can hear spade or clippers—but let that stop for an instant—"

"I understand. How does she take to the idea of your memoirs?"

"She has yet to learn of them. When she does, she will undoubtedly—even at her age—insist on my teaching her to read."

"*Candide*, Part II—the genuine Part II—that's a pleasure I'd not even dreamed of. I shall certainly look forward to reading you!"

"Then you'll be lucky. All my readers, now I come to think of it, will be men and women of extraordinary good fortune."

"Of course, can one's readers be otherwise?"

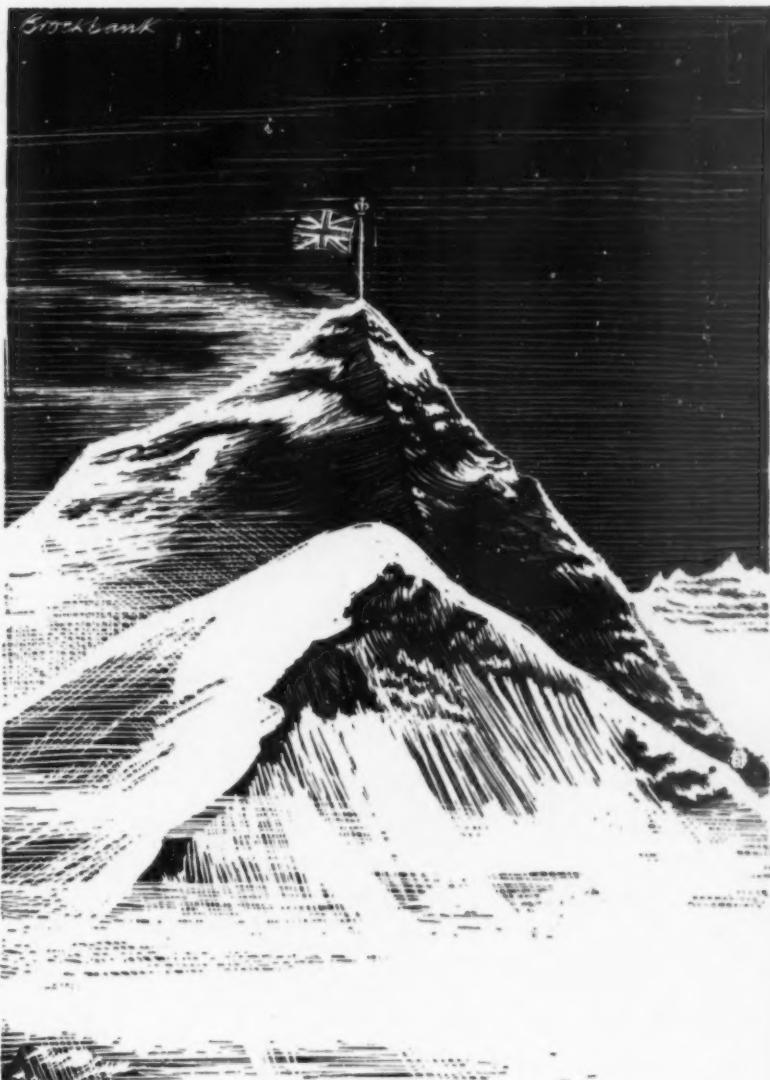
"You misunderstand me. My meaning is that in the best of all possible existences, as Pangloss will not fail to point out, everybody will owe his or her survival to the special dispensation of providence. Was ever humanity so blessed before?"

"And meanwhile you will trim privet and collect cups with your roses?"

"I shall endeavour."

"Long may you continue to do so."

G. W. STONIER



EVEREST

B EYOND a greater height

Than crowded roofs, or that strong dome,
Or unseen slender towers that dart a bright
And measured lightning to the myriad home,
Where the wind roars more loudly and the throat
Parches in breathing merely, Majesty
May look, to homage offered on the knee,
Sure-cut in arabesque of ice, and note
That other greeting, painfully unfurled
By lonely flags that strained to top the world.

D. MATTAM

Geneva in the Summer

AWNINGS are out over the tables in the Jardin Anglais and the Ile Rousseau. Along the quaysides where the plane trees are budding, ice-cream vendors have set up their stalls, each in its little floral setting. Below the Old City tourists are taking snapshots of the May-flower Compact or the Bill of Rights enshrined in the monument to the great Reformers, where Calvin, John Knox, and Oliver Cromwell gaze across the flower beds. In the same park children are playing on miniature swings. Summer has come to Geneva.

This city has excited comments ranging from ecstasy to abhorrence. Here Shelley wrote his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty." Byron complained that owing to close observations from his neighbours he had had to be moral as never before. George Eliot found "the perpetual presence of all this beauty" so mesmeric that she seemed "to want well pinching."

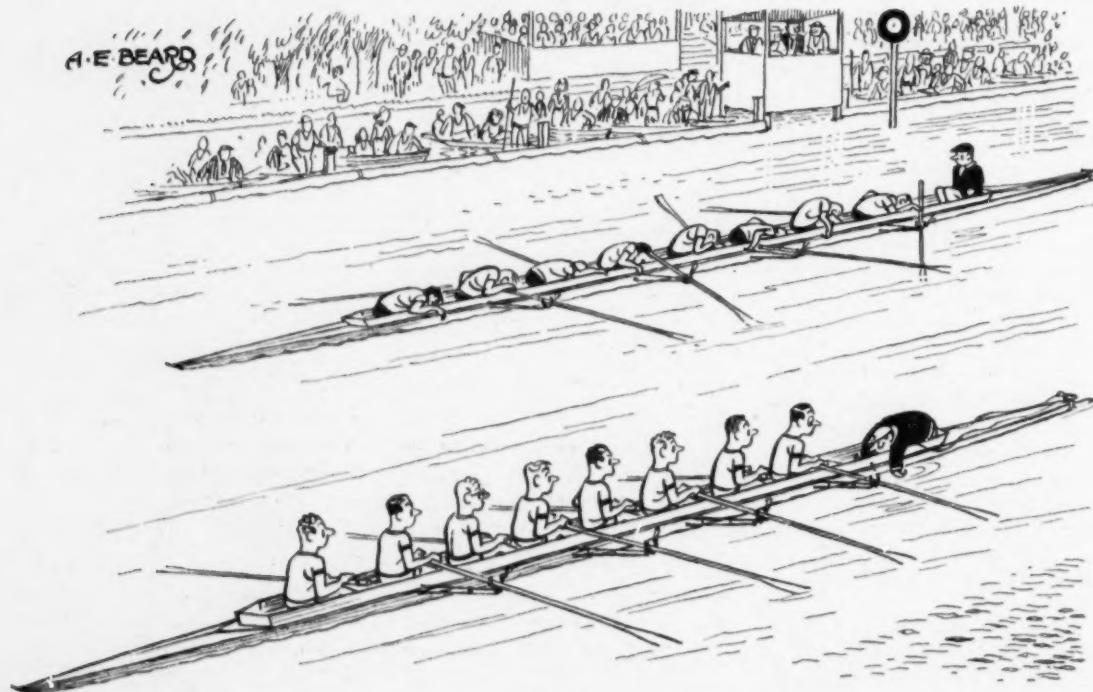
Away with these rhapsodies! What are the facts? There are

to-day three Genevas, each rather keeping to itself, though fraternization is not excluded: the Geneva of the Genevese, that of the settlers from other—including German- and Italian-speaking—Cantons, and the international folk. A few round figures show how the recent growth of industry and commerce has affected Geneva. To-day there are 540 factories and workshops (fewer than a third engaged in watchmaking), 1,500 hotels, restaurants and cafés, 205 hospitals and 48 beauty parlours. Among the 210,000 inhabitants of the Canton are nearly 100,000 Protestants, still leading Roman Catholics by a rather short head, besides 5,000 Old Catholics, 3,000 Jews, 2,000 Buddhists, Hindus, Moslems and adherents of other Oriental religions, and 17,000 who affirm that they do not practise any creed.

Geneva is not only a city. To discover the countryside one way is to take the train as far as La Plaine for a walk along the Rhône

valley, seeing how the vines are cultivated to-day and sampling the local white wine. Here are farm-houses maintained in traditional style with a stout wall to windward to protect the harvest from the onslaught of the *bise*; also country houses with terraces which face across the lovely plain to the mountains. Some Protestant churches in this region near the French frontier, now needing repair, were once asylums of refuge from religious persecution.

Living costs in Geneva are high. Spaghetti, cheese and vegetable dishes are more frequent than meat on the tables of many families. There has been quite an outcry about the lack of cheap accommodation from students coming from outside, with no families to fall back on. The Swiss Y.M.C.A. have bought a house, redecorated it themselves to save expense, and turned it into a hostel for newcomers. The garage in the garden is to be transformed into a mixed



hostel for hikers. There is a yeoman tradition here and, rather than plead and wait for a State subsidy, some people prefer to do things off their own bat.

The 3,000 employees of United Nations and its specialized agencies have their own restaurants, bars, *plages* and ski-clubs. Another 2,000 working for the many voluntary agencies pay Swiss income and defence taxes. Work brings these two communities together at various points. Voicing the needs of prisoners-of-war by the Red Cross and of refugees by the World Council of Churches, for instance, helps to make the concerns of human beings felt in inter-governmental discussions on policy.

Old-timers, who recall Geneva's pre-war prestige as League of Nations capital, point nostalgically to framed caricatures at the Café Bavaria of Briand and Stresemann, who discussed the menu and Franco-German rapprochement there. Today world statesmen meet at Manhattan. Geneva accommodates innumerable conferences, but they are primarily consultations between technicians. They range from human rights to the opium traffic, from housing to rheumatism, and include the forthcoming meeting of the International Union of Die-stampers and Brass Bedstead Knob-beaters' Associations.

One lakeside café popular with visitors enjoys a mild notoriety for having been the war-time haunt of agents engaged in bartering misinformation. For revellers determined to prolong their vigil till dawn there are cabarets and "dancings." Less cosmopolitan are the little cafés around the Old City where cronies gather to play billiards or to play *yass* with much thumping of cards. Here amity is cemented by dipping one's bread into the common bowl of *fondue* (Gruyère or Emmenthaler grilled with white wine and a dash of kirsch). Some foreigners find this cement indigestible, but manfully pay for the next round of wine as a forfeit for dropping their bread.

Cycling through Geneva more than fifty years ago, intent on his address to a meeting of Russian



"I'd love to join, but I'd have to ask my husband."

émigrés, Lenin nearly lost an eye colliding with a tram. But he bandaged his eye, mounted the rostrum and harangued Trotsky and the Mensheviks on "the morass of opportunism" into which they had fallen. Nadiejda Kroupskaia, his helpmeet, found the comrades who sheltered them here "lacking in the true revolutionary spirit."

Although trolley-buses run on some routes, Geneva still remains faithful to trams. But there are troubled souls to-day who find such order too little "existential" and bemoan that nothing ever happens here. To meet these needs the Geneva Press is seeking to extract for publication graphic details of a series of recent raids on watchmakers' and jewellers' shops. The police, it seems, prefer to remain

taciturn until they can lay hands on the burglars.

Geneva has just enjoyed its annual charivari in the Casino revue written by a newspaper columnist, "Ruy Blag," about the events of the year and played with zest by a local cast. "Let's Pull Their Legs!" ("Charrions-les!") made fun of local notabilities and foibles, the committee which orders the fireworks for the fête, the kids who gate-crash to get a free view; there were Councillors of State on roller-skates and tilts at the plebiscites on women's suffrage and on the proposed international atomic research laboratory. Life in Geneva too has its problems, but the people have learned to laugh at them, and at themselves.

BERNARD CAUSTON

WHISPERING FISH

AND what seems to be the trouble?"
 "Hobgoblins, doctor. Sprites and pixies. Little square men with thin legs. Triangular banshees. Men with rays coming out all round. Globular dwarfs, roosters, faces on buffers, small zebras, animated boilers—"

"Animated boilers?"

"Yes," I said, "with cogwheel heads."

"H'm," he said. "I see. Do they run about the bedclothes much, these, ah, banshees and so on?"

"No," I told him regretfully. "I could take a swipe at them if they did."

He seemed puzzled, and stood there blowing his nose for a few moments in a quiet and antiseptic way.

"Do they harm you at all?" he asked eventually. "I mean, do they appear to be hostile or ill-disposed towards you?"

"On the contrary. The horrible thing is that they seem friendly and anxious to help. They give me gratuitous advice. They continually point out pitfalls and indicate the road to a brighter and happier future. They are full of tips and wise saws and modern instances. There is a whispering fish, for example—"

He interrupted me a little petulantly, demanding (as medical men always do when they want to gain time) when the trouble had started.

"Well," I said, considering, "the first one I can remember was a gruesome little creation, something like a sunflower. Keen on gas. Had quite an obsession for it, and was always urging me to save money by turning on more taps."

"Mr. Therm!" cried the doctor, making his first diagnosis.

"That was the name, yes. It is characteristic of these gnomes and boggaris to have names. *Mister Therm!* And that garrulous little pest with the cogwheel head—Jack Scrap he calls himself—do you know that only this morning—"

"But they are *real*," he cried. "This Mr. Therm and Jack Scrap and the rest of them, they *exist!*"

"They *exist?*" I whispered.

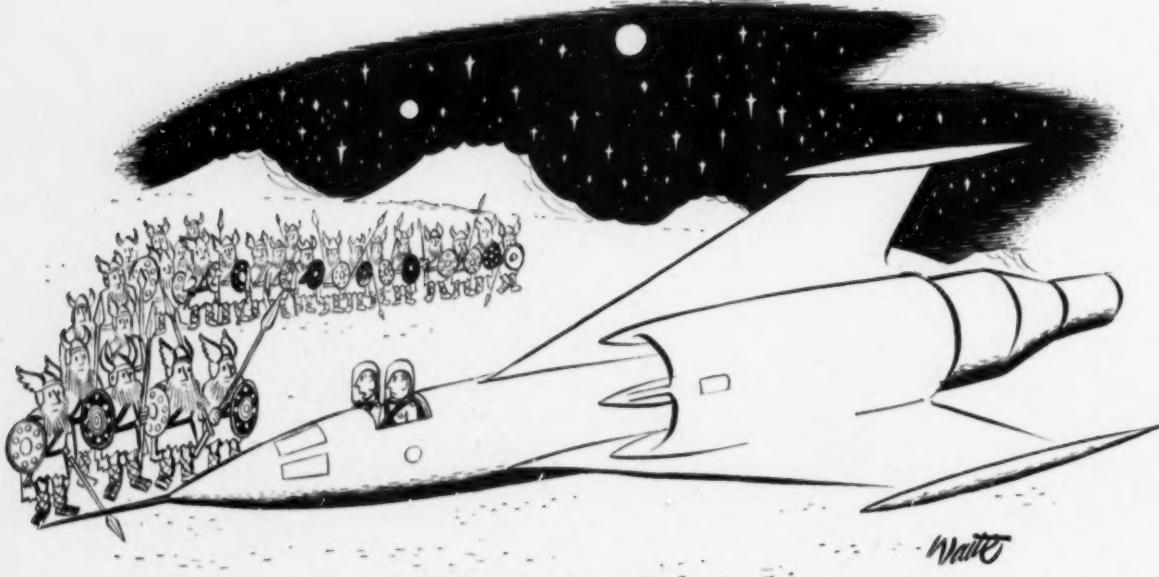
"Don't be a fool, man. I mean they exist in the sense that everyone can see them—in papers and magazines and on hoardings. You come to me with a story of hallucinations—"

"I said nothing about hallucinations."

"In that case," he said coldly, "I fail to understand what the trouble is. You may or may not like these advertisement mannikins—"

I went up and took him firmly by the lapels.

"Doctor," I said, "either we are mad, or they are. I come to you, the representative of National Health,



"They certainly got around."



"The Customs let us straight through: they must have known we were honest."

to ask whether I, a representative national patient, am so enfeebled in mind, so cretinous, so moronic, that I cannot understand a recipe for savoury rice, or an appeal to collect old iron, or a notice about excursions to Ilfracombe unless my informant is some droll leprechaun lisping its arch baby-talk all over the columns of my newspaper. Am I—are you—are we incapable of making up our minds about mineral water——"

"Look——" he began.

"Or take income tax. Is it any easier to understand, or to bear, if Miss Schedule D and Emily Allowance—or, in your case I dare say, Sir Tacks and Mr. Bonus—have a long conversation in italics, with their repulsive likenesses sprawling in easy chairs at the top? I only ask. I only want to know whether it is I who am crazy or the organizations who father these twitching abominations."

"You exaggerate," he said. "Certain private concerns, I agree, have a leaning towards anthropomorphism, but a Government department such as the Board of Inland Revenue would not dream——"

"Jack Scrap," I reminded him, "is sponsored by the British Iron and Steel Federation. Biff and Buff were

among the first fruits of nationalization. And as for the Whispering Fish——"

"The whispering fish!" he repeated, going a little pale about the jaws.

"It comes up behind people in cinemas and whispers '*Past, young Romeo!* What do you do with a girl after the movies?' at them."

"Good God!" said the doctor. "What an extraordinary thing to ask."

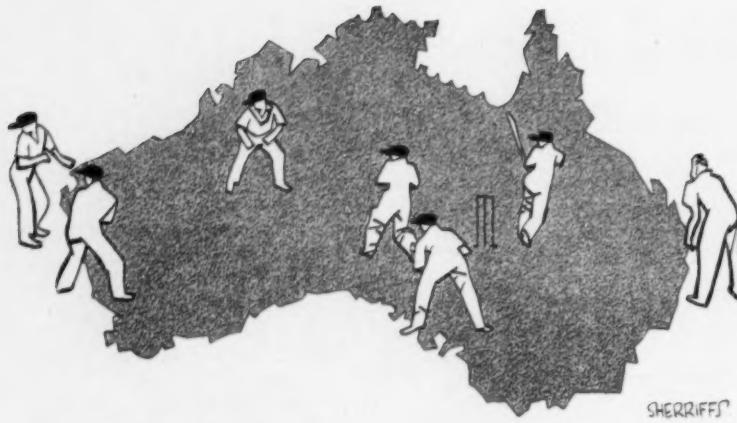
"The answer is odder. 'Buy her some fish'n chips, of course. Golden brown fish! Crunchy chips! Mm.'"

"I shouldn't have thought of that," he agreed.

"The fish has got a sort of fin or flipper up to its mouth to show that it is whispering. And on occasions, so I am told, though not in the cinema, it whispers recipes for boiled cod. But my point is that the whole bold conception is issued by the White Fish Authority—a board appointed by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries."

"Suffering snakes!"

"Not yet," I said. "But it will come; and in your department, too. '*Past, young patient!* See your doctor regularly,' advises the Suffering Snake. 'Esculapius had a couple, if you remember.' H. F. ELLIS



The Affair at Nottingham

LEAT us ponder the so-called imponderables. Enough of hysteria, frantic boast and foolish pride: let us consider England's chances in the first Test Match at Nottingham to-morrow with the clear cold eye of Pure Reason. Certain facts are incontrovertible:

1. Miller has so far bowled only 4·3 overs without his sweater.

2. The Australians are lamentably short of match practice. Since their arrival in England they have played very little cricket other than two-day stuff, and in consequence will find it difficult to adapt themselves to the rigours of three-day, four-day or five-day Tests. If the Nottingham match can somehow be extended into the third day I expect the Australians to take the field with at least half a dozen substitutes. Perhaps I may be permitted to remind the England captain that the Laws of Cricket state specifically that "no Substitute shall be allowed to bat or to bowl," that "the opposing Captain . . . may indicate positions in which the Substitute shall not field," and that "No player on the fielding side shall leave the field for the purpose of having a rub down or shower whilst a Test Match is actually in progress."

3. Both teams are uneasy about their "openers." In addition the Englishmen are uneasy about their "middle" and "tail." The Australians have only two recognized opening batsmen among their

seventeen players, and so far neither Morris nor McDonald has found his true form. Morris still shuffles and

that England's batsmen have been "hidden" from the Australian attack, that they have *intentionally* appeared strokeless and leaden-footed against Lindwall, Miller, Ring, Archer, Davidson and Hill: but this does not alter the fact that the Australians have been unable to exercise their guile to the full or to discover *all* our batting weaknesses.

6. Sir Donald Bradman will not be in the Australian XI.

7. Rain may save the Australians. If bad weather wipes our play for three days Hassett's men—with their vast experience of two-day matches—should win. Five days of solid rain would, however, save England.

So there is no need for despondency. But the Press *must* play its part in helping to bolster the morale



McDonald still nibbles. England, on the other hand, has thirty-four County openers to draw on.

4. Lindwall *can* be hit, as May, Graveney or someone proved when edging him for three at Lord's.

5. The Australians have not yet faced Trueman and have seen very little of England's batsmen. The critics who moan that our batsmen have had no experience against really fast bowling should remember that the Australian speed fiends have so far had very little practice against our batting stars.

I do not subscribe to the theory, frequently postulated in my village,

of the Englishmen. So far the newspapers have not been particularly helpful or tactful. For the last seven or eight weeks potential England batsmen have been greeted at breakfast almost every morning with terrifyingly vivid accounts and photographs of the Australians on the warpath; of Lindwall, Miller, Archer or Davidson hurling "the cherry" at some inoffensive County cricketer; of mass, jubilant, demonstrative appeals from the ring of intimidating slips and short-legs; of stumps cartwheeling, bails flying and umpires' fingers raised on high.

"No porridge!" Mrs. Potential

England Batsman says. "Why, what's the matter?"

"I'm all right, really, dear. I'm just not hungry. Probably get a bite down at the ground."

"I know what it is," says Mrs. P.E.B., "it's that Lindwall and the one that moves away late, isn't it?"

"Lindwall! Don't make me laugh. Cut the cover off him! By the way, dear, did you remember to pop the chest-protector and the crash-helmet in my cricket bag?"

"Then it must be his bumpers! Why don't you draw away, as Bradman did to Larwood, and cut him off the middle stump . . . ?"

Our cricket writers have reminded us (and the English team) day after day that at least seven of the Aussies stand well over six feet in their socks and loom even larger,

Z (our best batsmen), who are "psychologically unfitted for the tasks ahead"; they have tried to make us believe that Hill doesn't turn the ball, that Ring turns it too much, that Miller doesn't like long hops and full tosses at the beginning of a knock, that Morris loves bumpers, that Harvey hates slow donkey-drops, and that Hassett, Benaud, Hole, Archer, De Courcy, McDonald, Craig and Davidson can all be run out in time if we pick the right bowlers and fielders.

They may not have said all this in so many words, but one can and is expected to read between their insidious lines.

Looking back it astounds me that our own propaganda could have been so spineless and unsubtle. We could have harped on the theme

champions that *only* seven of the Australians are six feet tall. And instead of undermining confidence with reminders that we have won only four Tests against the Australians (in England) in thirty-two years, we could have plugged the line that we defeated the Aussies by eight wickets in the last game played between the two countries, at Melbourne in 1951, and pointed out that our opponents haven't won a single Test in England since 1926 without Bradman.

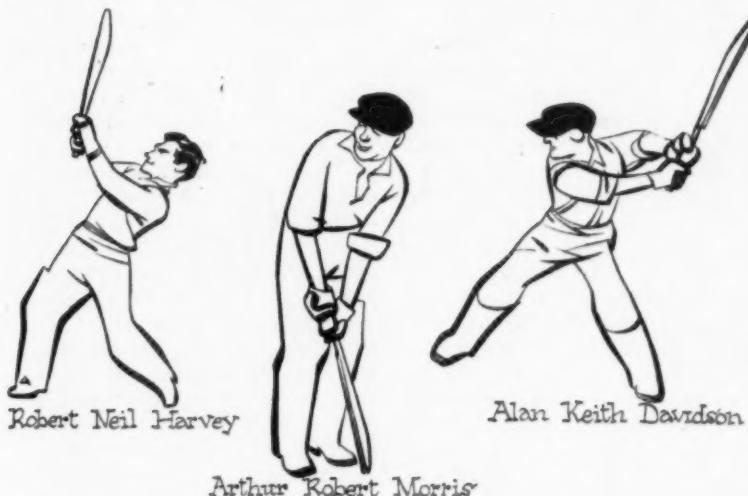
At this eleventh hour I should like to point out that the Australians have glaring weaknesses in all three departments—batting, bowling and fielding. The fielding is so suspect that Lindwall and Miller are compelled to use five or six men in the slips and three or four at short-leg. It follows from this that the Australians are desperately short of out-fielders.

The batting is, to say the least, unsound. The openers are unreliable and there is no real tail. When numbers seven, eight, nine and ten in the order are just as likely to get a hundred as numbers one, two, three, four, five and six it is obvious that the side lacks a hard core of greatness. As batsmen the Australians are all much of a muchness, as may be seen from the fact that Archer, Davidson, Hole, Benaud, De Courcy, Lindwall, McDonald and Craig, as well as Harvey, Miller, Hassett and Morris, have all made good scores.

The bowling is overrated. Lindwall and Miller are still pretty fast, but both are apt to bowl occasional no-balls, and these may safely be hit.

There is, I repeat, no real justification for despondency.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



that they all wear sickening, menacing green caps, that the fast bowlers are still bowling at half-speed, the medium-pacers merely turning their arms over, and the spinners barely bothering to spin.

And in addition we have had to put up with the clever, tactical comments of the *Australian* writers, such cunning old hands as Arthur Mailey, Bill O'Reilly and S. G. Barnes. They have told us that the Australian batsmen are more afraid of Blestowe, Higginson, Wolfram and Potts (four unknowns) than of Pedser, Bailey and company; they have urged us to drop X and Y and

that most of the Australians have names originating in either Scotland or France, two countries that seldom produce first-rate cricketers. We could have reminded our





BOOKING OFFICE

Figuratively Speaking

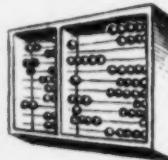
World Economic Report, 1951-52.
United Nations, 21/-

I ALWAYS had, I must admit, a special respect for the science of statistics. In common with the Oxford Dictionary I considered it as "that branch of political science dealing with the collection, classification and discussion of facts" (my italics). And facts, I was always told, were sacred.

It appears, however, that this is an old-fashioned idea. A fascinating new book, now available at H.M. Stationery Office, destroys the myth about the factual nature of statistics once and for all. Statistics, this charming new publication proves, can be as strange as fiction. They need not present naked facts and figures. They can be converted into percentages, which are just as unrevealing, and therefore just as mysterious and intriguing, as the veiled face of a young Moslem girl.

The Report presents all tables of statistics, production charts and indices of economic activities on both sides of the Curtain in such percentages. But it fails to report that only the percentages concerning Britain, the U.S. and the other democratic countries, are based on known facts, i.e. on actual figures of production, labour, raw materials, costs, wages, etc. By contrast, Communist percentages are not based on facts, for the simple reason that in Communist countries factual statistics are considered State secrets and anyone indulging in collecting, classifying or discussing them is liable to be—and usually is—shot.

There is, in addition, the point that the Communists themselves



have never tried to hide the nature of their "statistics." The "Central Statistical Administration of the U.S.S.R." published recently a voluminous textbook on the subject. Soviet statistical science, it explained, has done away with harmful bourgeois statistical influences. Soviet statistics are not "neutral"; they do not indulge in "simple fact-finding." They are, instead, Socialist, Marxist, class-conscious and party-conscious statistics, which "serve as a tool for the building of a Communist society."

By mixing these class-and party-conscious statistics with ordinary

British and American statistics that have no party affiliation and are blissfully unaware of class solidarity, the UNO Report has given equal credence and equal authority to both. This is, of course, as it should be. UNO is an international organization which cannot intervene in the internal affairs of its member-States. If some member-States produce Socialist statistics for the purpose of party propaganda, while others still cling to the reactionary idea of publishing Capitalist statistics for the purpose of ascertaining facts, it is, surely, the duty of UNO to close its eyes to such national differences and adopt a truly global approach.

The advantages of this global approach are too obvious to be enumerated. Take, for example, the question of publicity. All Communist percentages were, of course, published by the Iron Curtain press months ago, but no one in the West, not even the *Daily Worker*, took them seriously. Now, however, the same percentages have become, overnight, respectable. UNO has provided them with a mask of authenticity, which enables them to hide their phony faces. They can, in this disguise, circulate in the best of society.

Thus they formed the basis of an article on the "Industrial Revolution Behind the Curtain," published in a leading London economic weekly. The UNO statisticians were commended for having collected and analyzed "a wealth of not easily obtainable material on the countries within the Soviet sphere." (This material, incidentally, can be collected, without any difficulty, or expense, from the propaganda hand-outs issued by the press offices of every Communist embassy in the West).

Again this is as it should be. If the propaganda products of a member-State are generally considered to be the trash they are, it is obviously UNO's job to provide them with the necessary wrappings and to give them the appearance of the genuine article.

Besides, this UNO passion for percentages can be applied not only in the field of international politics but also—and with equally amazing results—in many matters of everyday life. The other day, for example, I read that Mr. Mark Fable, the celebrated American cinema star, had a passion for white silk shirts. He had, he claimed, one hundred (100) such shirts neatly stacked in the enormous dressing room of his palatial Hollywood residence.

I felt, I confess, deeply envious of Mr. Fable because I, too, have a passion for white silk shirts, but alas, I possess only one (1). Indignant at this shocking inequality—a shameful example of the wickedness of our capitalist system—I decided to become a Socialist. But then I read the second paragraph of the story of Mr. Mark Fable and his one hundred (100) white silk shirts and decided not to become a Socialist.

Mr. Fable, the second paragraph informed me, has decided to buy twenty (20) more white silk shirts this year. I, on the other hand, am resolved to buy one (1) white silk

shirt this year. I will thus increase my stock of white silk shirts by 100 per cent, while Mr. Fable will be able to claim a mere 20 per cent increase. Poor Mr. Fable! Lucky, lucky me!

MICHAEL PADEV

Political Pilgrim's Progress

Born to Believe. Lord Pakenham. *Jonathan Cape, 18/-*

"I AM trying to understand your mind," said Mr. Attlee to Lord

Pakenham, when questioning him about his refusal to accept Mr. MacDonald's report on the Prestwick air disaster, and many readers of Lord Pakenham's autobiography will have a good deal of sympathy with Mr. Attlee. This book is the account of the progress of Lord Pakenham into the Socialist party and into the Catholic Church. He gives us the history of, but he does not give us in any detail the reasons for, his acceptance of the Catholic Church. It would be impertinent not to respect his reticence.

But in the accounts of his political progress and political philosophy reticence is less in evidence, as indeed it is in his earlier chapters in his accounts of his social success. Lord Pakenham has an enviable talent for writing as if his acceptance of Socialism were an act of unique adventure—rather as if he were the first man to fly to the moon. But after all almost half the electorate of Great Britain and in all probability more than half of those who called themselves the intelligentsia had preceded him on this expedition.

But the difficulty with Lord Pakenham is not so much to understand his opinions—taking them one by one—as, with Mr. Attlee, to "understand his mind." "I always assumed," he writes in discussing his preliminary hesitations before joining the Socialist party, "that if I joined the Labour party I must be prepared to surrender, and, if the Labour party came into power, would presumably be required to surrender any hereditary wealth or unearned income I possessed above the barest minimum." But what is not at all clear is why, after he had joined the Socialist party, and when he was possessed with a passion for equality so intense as to cause him to write in 1938 of "the snobbery and corruption that are the life-blood of the Conservative machine," he did not feel called upon to make that surrender.

It is, of course, true that he has since come, as he tells us, to what many would think to be wiser, more moderate and more Christian views—has come to see the folly of pursuing equality too recklessly to the disregard of liberty—but this—I put the point not in any question of

Lord Pakenham's sincerity but simply out of intellectual curiosity—though it may be a valid reason for hesitation about taking away other people's money, does not at first sight seem to be any reason for delay in surrendering one's own.

In the same way, outside England, Lord Pakenham's interests are concentrated on two nations—Ireland and Germany. He is Anglo-Irish himself and no one can complain of his devotion to his native land, but what is a little odd is the combination of the worship of Irish nationalism with the worship of Beveridge-ism and the Welfare State. For certain Irish, ecclesiastics and politicians alike, have shown themselves extremely doubtful how far they should accept even the principles of the Welfare State—a great deal more cautious than those English Conservative politicians whose tepidity of welcome Lord Pakenham so readily condemns.

In Germany Lord Pakenham did a noble work in helping to bring back hope and bread to a despairing people and he is justified in his admiration for the deep sincerity and spiritual strength of such Germans as Dr. Arnold and Dr. Adenauer. But after all, there are other sorts of Germans who have done other sorts of things. It would have kept a more even balance had he mentioned them, and had he even mentioned some of the other nations on the Continent of Europe besides Germany.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

After the Funeral. Agatha Christie. *Collins, 10/-*

"There would have to be conversation," broods Poirot at one point—"much conversation." (We remember, of course, his theory that suspects persuaded to talk enough

will give themselves away in the end.) And conversation there is, eating up the pages helpfully with such sallies as: "If you need ten pounds desperately, then fifteen is more than adequate. And inversely so. If your need is for a hundred pounds, forty-five would be worse than useless. And if it's thousands you need, then hundreds are not enough."

The Christie addict, of course, will sift all this verbal hay with care, keeping a sharp look-out for the needle. Less devout admirers will find with a shock, on returning to the family tree at the front of the book, that a mere eight suspects have been the cause of it all. Perhaps it is because they are all asked the same questions, so many times, by so many people, that it seems more like eight hundred.

J. B. B.

Escapade. Rex Warner. *The Bodley Head, 10/-*

This, believe it or not, is a whimsy tale of goings on in an English village, called Average, during a day when a mysterious visitor, Mrs. Helpless, sweeps through the local community causing the maddest, merriest havoc. This community contains comic spinsters, comic policemen, a colonelish colonel, a scholarly vicar and a surly young heir who damns capitalism until he falls in love. The day ends with a long comic cricket match.

How on earth Mr. Warner, a novelist of distinction, could have turned out the kind of farcical morality that was so common twenty or thirty years ago is inexplicable. I tried to force myself to believe that it was a parody, that it was a double-bluff allegory, that it was some other Mr. Warner, but I failed. Of its type,



it is not too bad; occasionally a pleasant joke breaks the mediocrity or a phrase flashes amid the ashes. I still hope that somehow I have missed the point. R. G. G. P.

AT THE PLAY



Guys and Dolls (COLISEUM)
The Uninvited Guest
(ST. JAMES'S)

I HAVE seldom been so surprised as when booing, of no great volume but enough to sour the air, broke out at the close of the first night of *Guys and Dolls*. My own impulse was to clap, and go on clapping. Those who thus discovered something sinister in this translation of DAMON RUNYON to the stage seemed to me not only to have got hold of the wrong end of the stick, but to be beating themselves over the head with it; for if one thing stood out all through the evening it was the childlike innocence of his characters.

Guys and Dolls is about the betting underworld of New York, in which guys dice tirelessly in suits patterned like tram-junctions, and dolls cling throbibly, but here there is no work for the Vice Squad. The atmosphere is as far from Al Capone as that of Lord Emsworth's drawing-room at Blandings from the parlour of a council maisonette. At one move we are magically transported into a blissfully artificial society where guys carry such names as Nicely-Nicely Johnson, Benny Southstreet, and Harry the Horse, where a crap-shooting impresario has been too busy to marry the cabaret queen

he has been devotedly engaged to for fourteen years, where the greatest gambler of them all is lured by a pure young Salvationist into the uniform of her mission, and where the fascinating idiom of Runyon comes over so easily that when the night-club girls sing a wonderful number entitled "Take Back Your Mink" (on account of the unspeakable suggestion that came with it) they can add quite naturally "to from whence it came." This dream world into which we are taken is topsy-turvy but wholly consistent. *Guys and Dolls* is dry as a bone and charming as a fairy-tale. In the simpler parts of its attack one is now and again surprisingly reminded of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Mr. FRANK LOESER's music and lyrics are gay and witty. Mr. JO SWERLING's and Mr. ABE BURROWS' book is a model. It is difficult to know where to stop praising the clockwork precision of Mr. GEORGE S. KAUFMAN's production—certainly not before one has saluted the crap-shooting ballet from which the gyrating tinhorns emerge as deservedly deadbeat as from a University Boat Race; or to stop praising the brilliant settings of Mr. JO MIELZINGER, or the astonishing costumes of Mr. ALVIN HOLT.

Memorably led by Miss VIVIAN BLAINE, Miss LIZBETH WEBB, Mr. SAM LEVENE and Mr. JERRY WAYNE, the whole shoal of odd fish hums with eccentric life. If London fails to understand that *Guys and Dolls* is the most exciting lowbrow entertainment having close affinities with art which has hit it for years, we can give up our claim to being a sporting people.

The real interest of Miss MARY HAYLEY BELL's *The Uninvited Guest* seems to begin with the final curtain, when a sister and brother, who have discovered their relationship after first falling in love, go out to start life again, together. There are moments—if rather obvious moments—of drama in this play about the return of an unwanted son after twenty years unjustified incarceration in a home for mental deficient, but it is often dangerously near the situations of a novelette. It is all plot, and hardly any character. Too many difficult questions go unanswered. Mr. JOHN MILLS, submerged in a red wig like a busby, has very little to do except be variously embittered, while even Miss CATHLEEN NESBITT cannot plausibly explain a heartless mother who has been altogether too lucky in her life of domestic crime.

Recommended

The Apple Cart (Haymarket), a notable revival, *Venice Preserv'd* (Lyric, Hammersmith), a superb collector's piece, and *The Seven Year Itch* (Aldwych), an original American comedy. ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Genevieve—

Adorable Creatures

SEVERAL interesting films have turned up since my last article, but from almost every point of view *Genevieve* (Director: HENRY CORNELIUS) is most worthy of attention. This highly enjoyable British comedy—and I believe very nearly everybody will find it highly enjoyable—is strung on the thread of what I'm told I must call the Veterans' (*not* the Old Crocks') annual Commemoration Run from London to Brighton. "Genevieve" is one of the old cars concerned, a fifty-year-old Darracq. Knowing beforehand that this was so, I feared the worst in the way of gay domestic whimsy; but no, very little play is made with the name, it is used for no more than identification, and the young people who own the aged vehicle seem to be happily free from any tendency to give such names to their other possessions.

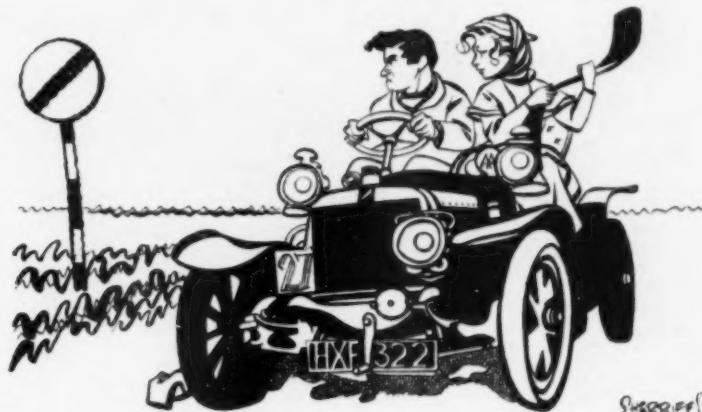
There is no story to speak of: the fun arises from the bickering between these two (the young wife comes as a passenger to please her husband, but, in fact, thinks the whole business childishly absurd), their troubles on the journey, the husband's rivalry with his friend Ambrose who is another contestant, and Ambrose's by-play with the glamour-girl he brings with him. There is a magnificently comic scene in a Brighton night-club where this statuesque beauty (KAY KENDALL) is roused by



Nathan Detroit—MR. SAM LEVENE Sky Masterson—MR. JERRY WAYNE
Sarah Brown—MISS LIZBETH WEBB

champagne to demonstrate with spectacular success that she can play the trumpet. This is a wonderful moment, though a little off the main theme (even so, note that what she

from the presence in each episode of the same "hero," being merely that Woman (adorable creature) displays in each a different aspect. It is an account of the *éducation sentimentale*



Alan McKim—JOHN GREGSON

Wendy McKim—DINAH SHERIDAN

plays is "Genevieve"); but the whole thing is written (by WILLIAM ROSE) and directed (it was Mr. CORNELIUS who directed *Passport to Pimlico*) quite admirably, and acted with great freshness and charm by people not hitherto well-known as stars—the other three principals are DINAH SHERIDAN as the affectionately impatient wife, JOHN GREGSON as the earnest enthusiast, and KENNETH MORE, the jaunty Machiavellian Ambrose. This is one of the most attractive and amusing comedies I have ever seen.

I felt slight irritation when I found that the French *Adorable Creatures* (Director: CHRISTIAN-JAQUE) was being introduced by a playful voice in English with a strong French accent, but I felt positive dismay when I realized after a time that this commentary was going to accompany the film throughout, linking the episodes and facetiously remarking on them in a manner that comes not far short of actually letting us hear the syllables "Oo la la." The trouble is, of course, that the audience that will make this picture a success and presumably get it as wide a distribution as *La Ronde* consists very largely of people for whom "Oo la la" sums up exactly what they want, and indeed practically all they were capable of getting from *La Ronde* itself.

In the original, presumably, this commentary did not make so insistently winking, rib-digging an impression, and one could enjoy the film as a whole—though this is not a truly unified story, the link, apart

of André (DANIEL GELIN): his difficulties with a married woman (DANIELLE DARRIEUX), a gold-digger (MARTINE CAROL) and a masterful widow (EDWIGE FEUILLÈRE), and his final capture by the young girl (ANTONELLA LUALDI) who was there all the time. Yes, the whole thing is too arch and facetious in tone, but there are very pleasing bits in it.

* * * * *

Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There may be just time to catch *Man on a Tightrope* before it leaves London: a good thriller about the escape of an entire circus through the Iron Curtain. *Moulin Rouge* (25/3/53) can probably still be found, and *Due Soldi di Speranza* (13/5/53), and, of course, *The Beggar's Opera*, of which more next week.

Apart from the Coronation pictures that have been rushed out, the most noteworthy release is that unpretentiously good little British comedy *The Oracle*: a Group 3 production, well worth seeing.

RICHARD MALLETT

 **AT THE BALLET**
Homage to the Queen
(ROYAL OPERA HOUSE)

IN the Royal Opera House the Queen's moving address on the evening of her Coronation day, heard by radio in an auditorium in which no standing-room remained unoccupied, touched chords of emotion which, by a triumph of artistry, suffered no check in their reverberation when the curtain rose on the

grand *Entrée* of Mr. FREDERICK ASHTON's Coronation ballet, *Homage to the Queen*.

Aristotle's four elements, Fire, Air, Earth and Water, have been prosaically sub-divided, but not all the chemists in more than two thousand years have been able to dethrone them. Nor have we need, on the advice of Sir Richard Blackmore, to depend on the doughty philosopher to

*Tell why these simple elements are
four;
Why just so many; why not less or
more.*

Mr. ASHTON has the perfect answer. It is because the Sadler's Wells company possesses four ballerines of outstanding quality, perfectly equipped by art and nature, to sustain those elemental rôles.

So we had Miss NADIA NERINA as Queen of the Earth, Miss VIOLETTA ELVIN as Queen of the Waters, Miss BERYL GREY as Queen of Fire, and, limiting her supremacy for the night, Miss MARGOT FONTEYN as Queen of the Air. Each sovereign lady, with her retinue, had been given the opportunity to appear to fullest advantage in a dancing part skilfully devised to display most characteristically the talents of the dancer who impersonated her. Perhaps I should make an exception of that of Queen of the Air, for her eddies carry Miss FONTEYN aloft into a poetry of acrobatics which has some captivating and unexpected nuances.

The ballet has many passages which reveal the wealth of talent in the company. Mr. ALEXANDER is a magnificently vital spark as the Spirit of Fire, and an immense success was scored by a *pas de trois* danced by Mr. BRIAN SHAW, Miss JULIA FARRON and Miss ROWENA JACKSON.

The music by MALCOLM ARNOLD flows melodiously in unobtrusive invitation to the dance. The production owes much to an enchanting fairy-like landscape in which tapers glimmer in a shimmering vista of forest trees. In this, and in the lovely dresses which he has designed, Mr. OLIVER MESSEL has collaborated most happily in creating an air of elegance and perfect good manners. This leads to an apotheosis in which, in the realm of Miss FONTEYN's Queen, there appears a vision of the first Elizabeth before whom presently, her back towards us, arises the figure of the young Elizabeth who thus faces the legendary author of noble and powerful tradition.

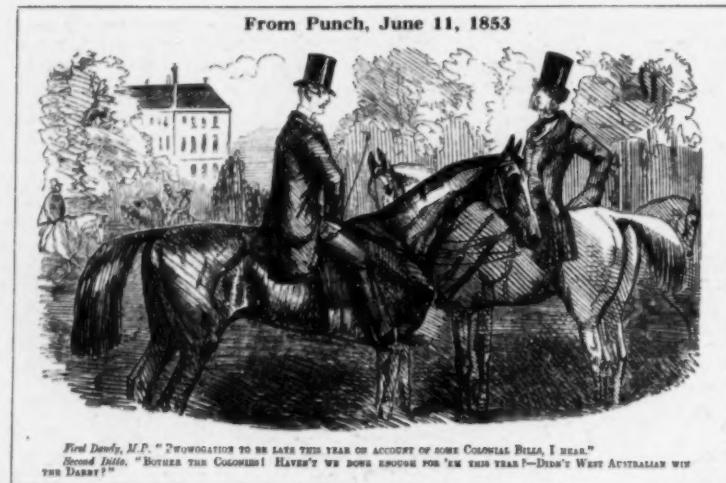
Homage to the Queen, perfectly as it matched the moment in its beauty of movement and melody, its sentiment, spirited invention and richness of colour, is something more than a *pièce d'occasion*.

C. B. MORTLOCK

AT THE GALLERY

THE title of Messrs. Agnews' Coronation Exhibition, "Thirty-nine masterpieces of Venetian Painting," is enough to raise the highest hopes among the lovers of this school. Nor are visitors likely to be disappointed by the event. The exhibition is not claimed as a comprehensive review of Venetian art, but rather as a selection of fine works rarely seen. Certain canvases by Giovanni Bellini and Titian have never before been exhibited, and the views of Warwick Castle by Canaletto have not, I believe, left Warwick since they were painted.

Of the more prolific Venetian giants, Tintoretto, Titian and Veronese are each represented by two or more canvases. Tintoretto's "Pietà," though sombre in colour, has by reason of its bold arrangement of light and shade, and fantastically vigorous handling, a more powerful impact than any picture in the room. It was not in the nature of Tintoretto to stress the literal facts concerning a tortured corpse. The massive dignified body of Christ does, in fact, suggest anything rather than weakness or defeat. The nearness of Christ's head to the top of the canvas hints that the picture was once larger and has been cut down. Tintoretto's "Portrait of a Young Nobleman" has a much studied and very memorable head, surmounting a summarily but entirely satisfactorily painted body, clothed in a black doublet with light sleeves. That the change of tempo succeeds is due, I think, to Tintoretto's sure sense of rhythm. The forms flow into one another without apparent effort.



This is one of the secrets of fine draughtsmanship.

Veronese: his works, whether sacred or secular in subject, always have an air of sumptuous, dignified pageantry. In his "Portrait of a Lady" the arms are, I think, deliberately elongated so that he may surround the figure with golden, blue and green draperies without making it appear swaddled or dumpy. It is an entirely successful painting and full of joy. The other Veronese present is a larger canvas, "The Visitation of Virgin to Saint Elizabeth." Both are in beautiful condition.

The show bears witness, on the whole, to the day of the cleaned picture having arrived. Let me therefore draw attention to several

works which seem particularly happy in this respect. In addition to the Veronese there is the Titian Group of three figures, two Tiepolos, a large panel "The Halberdier," and a small brilliant "Cleopatra" sketch, two Canaletto views of Warwick, Giovanni Bellini's "Mother and Child," No. 5, the Bessano Adoration of the Magi, and the Bellotto view of Dresden. These pictures are so vivid that it could almost be said "they might have been painted yesterday." Naturally, such results are not always possible.

Finally, since all the works exhibited cannot be mentioned, the four Guardi views of Venice, of which two form a pair, are in themselves worth a visit. The exhibition remains open until June 27.

ADRIAN DAINTREY



"I've got three thousand four hundred and sixty-two flags and somebody's darling."

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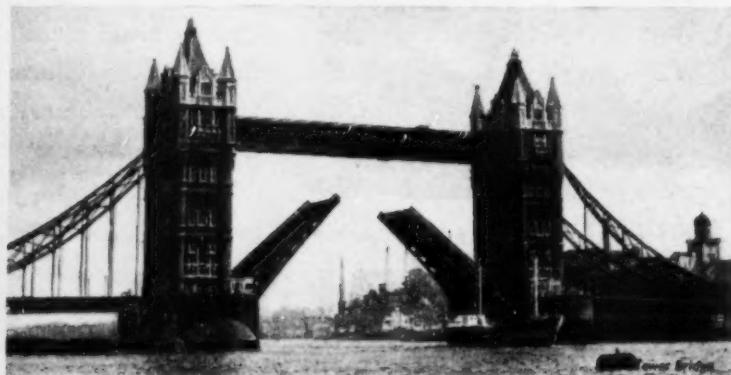
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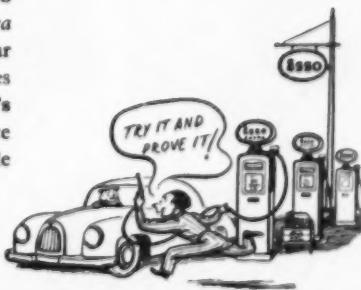


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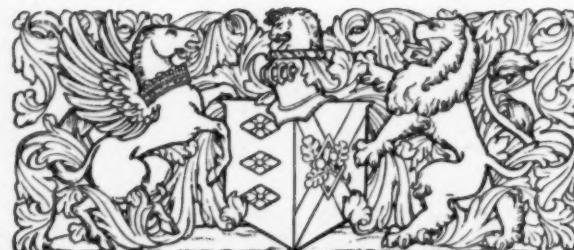
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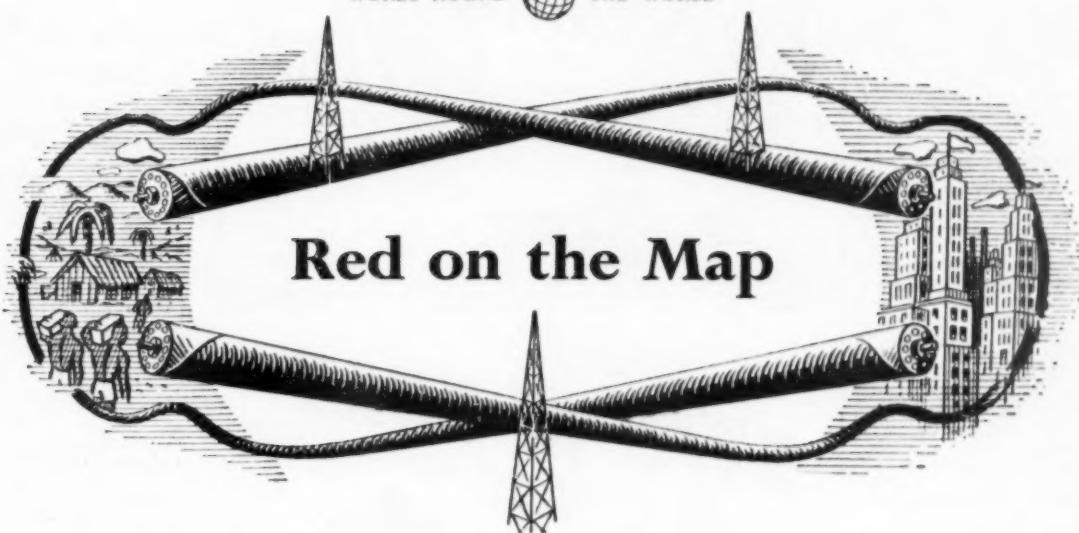
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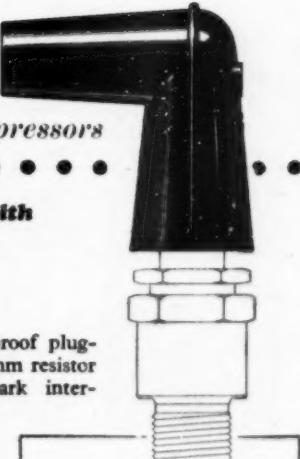
- * Kill interference with television
- * Prolong plug life
- * Help cold starting

This K.L.G. Type 'PS' waterproof plug-cover contains a built-in 15,000-ohm resistor which effectively suppresses spark interference with television and radio.

Army tests have proved that a properly suppressed spark is a *positive help* to cold starting. In a cold engine, the explosive violence of an unsuppressed spark disperses droplets of petrol before it can ignite them. Suppression cures this.

Proper suppression prolongs plug life because it cuts the spark off promptly after firing, and prevents the surging oscillation spark which burns electrodes away before their time.

A waterproof plug-cover prevents the danger of plug failure caused by the accumulation of dirt on the insulator and the leakage of H.T. current across the dirty surface.



**THE K.L.G. TYPE 'PS'
WATERPROOF PLUG-COVER
WITH BUILT-IN IGNITION
SUPPRESSOR**

Price 2/6 each

Also the 'SS' Type (straight) waterproof cover with built-in suppressor. Price 4/- each.

Also 6 plugs with built-in suppressors F50 R, FE50 R, TFS 50 R, F70 R, M50 R, and MB50 R. Price 7/6 each.

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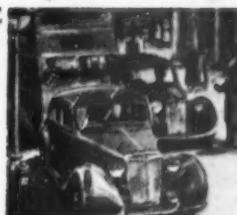


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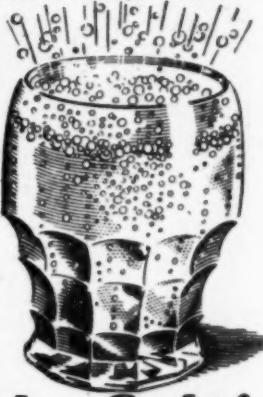
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